JOHN BULL

Vol. II. No. 40. SATURDAY, MARCH 9th, 1907. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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We do not want to see the present Government tumble to pieces. As a mere combination of political brains (as political brains go) it would be hard to beat. On the whole it has an infinite capacity for taking pains. Man for man, no other party in the House could show up so well. It has a magnificent majority behind it, a majority somewhat "mixed," as all Liberal majorities are, whether small or large, but solid on great questions of good policy. Yet it would be idle to pretend that it has done as well as it might have done. Frankly, it has only done rather middling. To paraphrase an Americanism, if its foresight had been equal to its hindsight, it would have done better by a durned sight.

There are already signs in the country of a set-back to the enthusiasm which swept Mr. Balfour and his party out and swept Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his party in. The Aberdeen seat, with its four thousand odd majority, was all but lost. The Brigg seat, with a Liberal majority of 1,700, is converted into a Tory gain. The Borough Council elections, despite all the Liberal party machinery, was a debâcle, and now, as we write, comes the news of the Progressive rout. We do not wish to exaggerate the significance of any of these things. We merely state them for warning. With the pendulum swinging back in Scotland, in Lincolnshire, and in London, one almost begins to wonder what will happen to Mr. Whiteley at Halifax, in Yorkshire.

It is no part of our intention or desire to play the part of Job's comforter. But there are certain facts in the situation which may possibly explain the observable change in public opinion. The Government, to start with, laid itself open to allegations of insincerity in its treatment of that Chinese "Slavery" about which it shouted itself hoarse during the General Election. And, to speak frankly, which is our business here, there was not much courage or statesmanship about its Education Bill, which was neither flesh, fish, fowl, nor good red herring. Then it has already begun to treat its chief supporter, the working man, as if he were either a baby or a fool. The Street Betting Act was an idiotic and illogical piece of class legislation, faked up at the instance of the chaste and holy persons who are always playing policeman over other people's morals. Now the Government is in the throes of its hysterical morality again. This time it is licensing. Having started to deprive the workman of his shilling bet for the good of his soul, it is going to stop his beer for the good of his stomach. Already there are official hints about closing working men's clubs, and shutting up public-houses on election days and Sundays, and our only surprise is that nobody as yet has suggested that they should be closed on Bank holidays. To make matters worse, the Government has raised a hornet's nest about its ears by casting thinly-veiled insults at barmaids, and "considering" proposals for their abolition. The Government, in fact, is mistaking the shrieking of Mrs. Grundy, Chadband and Stiggins for that *vox populi* which is said (in perorations) to be the *vox Dei*.

Conceivably, therefore, Aberdeen, Brigg, and the rest mean that voters are taking the only course open to teach the Government to mend its ways. Bishop Creighton has said that nobody does as much harm as those who go about doing good. We are not to be understood as subscribing to this episcopal *ipse dixit* without large qualifications; but there is no question that the Government is doing itself a vast deal of harm by allowing itself to be substituted for the parent and the parson. No doubt the glorious company of the excessively moral make a tremendous noise. But, after all, the Government should have the courage to act upon the knowledge that it is not the hen that cackles the most that lays the largest eggs. Let it leave people's morals alone, and look after their secular interests. The policeman on the beat knows his duty in respect of the one, or ought to do, and the Government should know its business in respect of the other. Faddist legislation will do it incalculable harm. On the other hand, there is much legislation on the broad, free lines of liberty, economy, and efficiency which must do it incalculable good. Our hope is that it will make the right choice whilst its opportunity lasts. The man in the street is beginning to ask questions. Like the parrot, he doesn't say much, but he is a dêvil to think.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The ready diplomatic tact of the King was again in evidence in the dramatic little interlude he arranged in his formal opening of the South African Exhibition. Calling for Captain Pieter Canzius van Blommerstein Bam, the organiser, he knighted that gentleman on the spot. The ceremony had all the elements of surprise, being in every way excellently stage-managed. Probably the only man outside the Royal circle not surprised was Captain Bam himself, for the day has gone by even for kings to spring titles on people whether they want them or not. We still hail his Majesty as one of the greater diplomatists.

By this time we hope Lord Rosebery will have recovered from the rather serious indisposition which has laid him aside in his lonely furrow. It is a pity that a man of such brilliant talents should have deliberately cut himself adrift from the ship of state. But Lord Rosebery probably knows himself better than anyone else knows him, though by this time most of us seem to know him pretty well. That he is out of sympathy with the forward political movement of the time, that he is cursed with a fatal instability of mind and purpose, and that he has no political enthusiasms sufficiently intense to fight for them, has been painfully evident for a long time now. He has cast away the Gladstonian toga, and now he remains a figure apart—silent, mysterious, disappointing; the Sphinx riddle of his day.

According to the Bishop of London, "taking them all round, married men are much more loose in their morals than single ones." What puzzles us about this sweeping statement is how his lordship knows. The information strikes us as being exclusive and special, and unless he is father confessor to married men and single men "all round," it can hardly be accepted as conclusive. We do not know, and we do not pretend to know, whether a man who gets married grows wickeder and a man who does not get married becomes more virtuous. Probably there is not much to choose between them, and possibly if a man desires to walk in the paths of the rather wicked the fact that he is married or single will not restrain him. "No one is born a husband and no one is born a homicidal hero," said John Oliver Hobbes long ago. "At first he is just man—man with a birthright of seven deadly sins and one small conscience." No doubt, like the man unmarried, he feels sometimes incommoded by his conscience; but whether he throws it overboard more often does not seem to be determined by any statistical treatise with which we are acquainted. On the other hand, Major Seeley says married men are braver than single ones under fire. That is a different matter. They are more accustomed to it—and, besides, what will not a man sometimes risk for his freedom?

Lord Curzon has emerged from his retirement to pat Lord Newton on the back over the proposal to reform the House of Lords from the inside instead of having it reformed, more or less willy-nilly, from the outside. Lord Curzon, who sees things clearly, and is not blinded by his class prejudices, advises Unionists to associate themselves with "a well-thought-out plan of reform designed to meet the principal objections against the Lords—namely, its undue numbers and sparse attendance, the absence from it of representatives of important classes, and the excessive predominance of one political party." The reforming instincts of the Peers are not strongly developed, however; and it will be one of the marvels of the century if Lord Newton's Bill survives. The blind will more probably lead the blind, and both will fall into the ditch.

The *Journal des Debats* thinks "that it is a question which is most to be admired—the irony of events or the generous confidence of England in permitting, less than five years after the peace of Vereeniging, a Botha Ministry to govern the Transvaal." We can understand the amazement of our French friends at such a development. Only with England is such a thing possible. But there will be no failure. The Premiership of General Botha, our old brave enemy, is one of the best things which could have happened for the peace and good order of South Africa. It binds him in loyalty to the flag, and the Throne, and the new constitution. It throws upon him a splendid responsibility for the orderly progress of a free, united people, and the honour will be his if he justifies it. He, the old enemy, begins the new era, and we give him congratulation and welcome. England trusts him. He is a fine soldier. Let him now prove that he can be an enlightened and progressive statesman.

Some months ago we prematurely congratulated Prince Ranjitsinhji on his succession as the one and only genuine and reliable Jam of Nawanagar. Heaven has since preserved him; and now that his title to the succession has been legally established and officially confirmed unto him and his heirs, we have again the pleasure of signifying our approval and of repeating our congratulations. When he was playing cricket in Australia he was referred to by one of the spectators as "that German bloke." English people know better. The Germans do not play cricket, and, if they did, not one of them would be able to play it as well as Ranji. Henceforth Nawanagar will probably be the most fashionable cricket ground in India.

Our old friend Johnny Lobb, once a shining light of the School Board and the City Corporation, once the proprietor and editor of the *Christian Age* (which he "sold well"), once a Liberal, once a Tory, once a Unionist, once a preacher—is now a great spiritualist. He sees things—aye, and he hears things. John Wesley, Gladstone, 'Gus Harris, Dan Leno, Mary Queen of Scots—in short, all the great ones of the earth who have "gone over"—are in the habit of whiling away the time of day with him. And the things they do tell him! Dan Leno, it appears, is "entertaining the children," and "teaching them to fly." Good old Dan—he was always an obliging chap. But what is Herbert Campbell doing? Johnny might just ring him up and let us know. We observe, too, that Shakespeare is on the list of visitors. And he solves the old controversy by admitting that his plays were written "under the influence of spirits"—as most plays have been, by the way. One other request. Will Johnny ascertain what Theodore Hook thinks of the new John Bull?

It appears that, although we were not aware of it, every person "gives off coloured rays," according to his peculiar temperament. At least, that is what "Dr. Hooker" says, and assuming, of course, that you are not "off colour," it is possible for any of you to provide yourselves with the proper corresponding hue—warranted, we presume, not to shrink from your embrace. Doubtless the proper pigment may be counteracted by a black eye or something of that sort—when, for instance, endeavouring to convince a blonde of ivory whiteness that a damask is really concealed somewhere about her. "A man with his physical side highly developed gives off red rays, while a man whose mental side is uppermost gives off blue rays." By the spiritual man "yellow rays are given off." Then we are told that "man is a triune being," and that he must choose his mate from "one of his three sides." His inside, we suppose, would take note of culinary things, and his outside of sartorial ones. The other side no family paper may mention. We haven't the "front" to do so.

The Rev. John Clifford has not had a seventieth birthday in vain. No one can possibly admire Mr. Clifford's fighting fervour more than we do, much as we dissent from some of his aims and methods. But it is good to see a man who knows the thing he wants and is determined to get it. For long years he has been a living force and a vital influence in the world; and he has come to the snows of his years unspoiled and unscathed. The commemorative testimonial was more substantial than words—a joint annuity for Mr. Clifford and his wife of £400 a year, an investment of £1,000, and a cheque for four hundred guineas. The best comment we can make on it is that he has earned it. Good luck and long years unto him.

The rout at Brigg may be regrettable or otherwise, according as one views it, but why should the *Daily News* throw bricks at the defeated candidate? It is not possible for any political party, however thumping its majority, to win in every place every time, and Brigg never returns a Liberal at a bye-election, anyhow. This is a funny little way it has, but it is the rule, as anybody can see by examining the contests since 1885. To blame Captain Guest for the debâcle is like blaming the London County Council for the Jamaica earthquake, and even the Moderates draw the line at that. Brigg, by your leave, is to be regarded as a blessing in disguise. Liberals will not quite perceive the blessing, but Providence moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Even the *Daily News* should know that freaks have a distinct place in nature. Brigg, coming on top of Aberdeen, should act as a much-needed reminder to the Government that electors are fickle folk, and that a policy based upon the assumption that things will always be as they are is not a sound one.

Our pleasant little dissertation on the beneficence of the eternal lie seems to have the approval of no less an authority than Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. This brilliant lady novelist has the courage, even in the sacred pages of *Hearth and Home*, to maintain that "in our heart of hearts there is not one of us who does not derive pleasure from the little insincerities which are current in polite society," and feel inwardly aggrieved when they are exchanged for unvarnished truth. Our only disagreement with the lady is her logic; you cannot exchange something which is, for something which isn't. There is no such thing as truth, unvarnished or otherwise. Dr. Johnson defined network as anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances with interstices between the intersections; but as soon as anybody starts defining truth he begins to realise that he is telling a story. Euclid says a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. That looks like truth till you come to measure the distance with a foot-rule, and then you realise that it wouldn't be a line. This is the last of our sermons on this scientific subject.

There is a shortage in eggs—that is to say, of hens' eggs; the other sorts are not in consideration. We recall the lament of the noble philosopher Billings, Josh Billings. "Somebody," said he—

> Somebody's stole our old blu hen,
> I wish they'd let her b.
> She used tew lay 2 eggs a day,
> And Sundays she'd lay 3.

Not many hens of that patient and laborious sort are extant just now. The foreign hen, who does most of the egg-laying for this country, has been affected by the severity of the weather, and is not doing her duty as she should. Having regard to the fact that England spends £7,000,000 on eggs laid abroad, it is obvious that this country is not yet in a position to scorn the foreign yolk. Though it pains us to say so, the British hen is an unmitigated duffer at the only job for which she is fit; and the French hen, the Danish hen, and the Irish hen beat her easily, any time. No self-respecting Englishman ever relied on a British hen if he were in a hurry for breakfast. At least we have heard of only one, and he stipulated with his landlady that he should have two new-laid eggs for his breakfast and for his tea, and when his bill came in at the end of the week he found an extra charge for "wear and tear of hen."

We wonder what would be said of a Tory Prime Minister who expressed his satisfaction with the constitution of three important Government Boards which admittedly have never met. Such, however, was the declaration of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in reference to the Boards of Trade, Agriculture, and Local Government. And yet what a lot of ranting would be indulged in if the President of the Board of Trade were to introduce a Bill for the amendment of the Companies' Acts, with a view to the suppression of one-man concerns!

The division on the Church Disestablishment resolution the other night was a significant sign of the times. The subject is now brought within the range of practical politics—the fact that the reform had not reached that stage being a stock argument against it a few years ago. We think, however, it is a technical error to combine Disestablishment and Disendowment demands. Upon Disestablishment there can be no two arguments. A State Church, assuming such an institution to be justifiable, can be justified only on the ground that it represents the general opinion of the country. On the question of Disendowment, however, whilst we are satisfied that the Church of England is at present in possession of some funds to which she has no title, we consider a careful and impartial inquiry necessary before alienating Church property.

By the way, who was the elated Minister who, upon hearing the result of the division, observed, "This is getting our own back for Brigg"?

A Middlesbrough correspondent sends us an interesting card in connection with a Special Mission for Men and Lads, to be conducted by "Fr. Fitzgerald" at the All Saints' Church in that town. The card is headed, "The Great Final Match—Heaven v. Hell," and is got up in the form of a diagram of a football field—the heavenly team, consisting of "Godliness," "Kindness," "Self-Control," "Purity," etc., being ranged on one side, and their opponents, "Worldliness," "Selfishness," "Passion," "Lust," etc., on the other. Between them is a large ball, in the shape of the earth, and underneath an invocation to both sides to "Play the game." Behind the teams are the respective goals, Heaven and Hell. Now, we have studied this document very carefully, but are still perplexed. What worries us is this—the heavenly team is apparently engaged in endeavouring to drive the ball into Hell, whilst if their opponents win, then they will have got it into Heaven. There is something wrong somewhere. Perhaps "Fr. Fitzgerald" will explain.

We are not certain that the gentleman who pleaded the "opening of Parliament" as an excuse for getting drunk was not, unconsciously, teaching us all a political lesson. Doubtless he was not versed in the mysteries of parliamentary procedure, and was under the impression that licensing reform was imminent. Have you ever noticed the increasing ratio of drinks to the minute as "closing time" approaches? "Hurry up—just one more before they close" is a recognised formula, for which "Temperance Reformers" are alone responsible.

Some idea of the nature and scope of the coming Licensing proposals of the Government may be gleaned from recent announcements in the House. It looks as

though we are to have prohibition of the sale of liquor on election days; clubs are to come under supervision; barmaids are to be abolished. Whether we are to have local veto, and Sunday closing as well, we are not informed. We have no patience with such childish piffle-paffle. That the rich man shall be in a position to fill the sparkling glass to the brim in his own home or club, on election days, and Sundays, while a poor man cannot find a hostelry to fill his beer jug is too utterly too lopsided a "reform" for our taste. Moreover, it looks pretty much like an insult to that horny-handed son of toil to whom Liberal candidates are so constantly addressing their resounding perorations.

The horny-handed son of toil aforesaid is as much to be trusted with 'alf a pint of 'alf an' 'alf as any member of any Liberal Government is to be trusted with half a pint of Heidsieck or a tremendous brandy and soda. As a rule, an election day in this country does not inspire the working-man to wild efforts to quench an insatiate thirst, and if the idea is to shut up public-houses in order to save him from the machinations of the briber and the corrupter, then all that needs to be said is that it is using a steam-hammer to crack a nut. Whichever way it is regarded this fanatical proposal is an effort to drive the horny-handed son of toil heretofore mentioned to cold water and ginger pop and to deprive the publican of his just and normal opportunities of administering to souls athirst. The closing clause, if it ever appears in the Government Bill, will get no support from us. We have the courage of several of our convictions, and this is one of them.

The following is a complete list of the subscriptions we have received to the Ben Tillett Fund to date, and a cheque has been duly handed to Mr. Tillett:—

The Proprietors of John Bull ..	10	0	0
Per J. H. Dalziel, M.P.	5	0	0
M.P.	2	2	0
E. B. Barnard, M.P.	0	10	6
T. L. Corbett, M.P.	0	10	6
B. S. Straus, M.P.	0	10	6
H.H.M., M.P.	0	10	0
W. Cornish	1	1	0
Jim Crow	1	1	0
Herbert Vivian	1	1	0
T. T. Dahle	1	1	0
Mrs. Bull	1	1	0
L. J. Greenberg	1	1	0
J. S. Elias	1	1	0
W. Penman	1	1	0
E. Porta	1	1	0
A. L. Cox	1	1	0
Jas. Elliott	1	1	0
J. H. Young..	1	1	0
S. Cooper	1	1	0
A Few Readers	1	0	0
W. A. Casson	0	10	6
T. Chapman	0	10	6
G. J. Holmes	0	10	6
E. R. Worsley	0	10	0
Bullite	0	10	0
Anon.	0	5	0
"Prophet Ezekiel"	0	5	0
F. M. and Friend	0	5	0
Bull's Eye	0	5	0
Anon.	0	2	6
X.	0	2	6
A. S.	0	2	0
"A Few Postmen"	0	1	0
"Another Dreamer"	0	0	6

A friend says the following is a true story:— Scene: Police-court, Kingston, Jamaica. *Dramatis personæ:* Plaintiff, a negress; defendant, a "nigger"; magistrate, an Englishman; attendants, rabble, etc. Magistrate: "You say that you are the mother of seven children; is this man against whom you are endeavouring to obtain an affiliation order the father of them all?" Plaintiff (indignantly): "No, fank de Lord, he ain't. Everyone on 'em hab a fadder ob his own."

In some of the law courts it occasionally happens that a witness, called on to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, kisses his thumb, or even the air if the clerk is not looking, in solemn acceptance of his obligation. In the House of Commons the other day, however, the new Minister for Education kissed his oath card instead of the "Book," on being sworn in after his unopposed return. Apparently he was in a hurry or a flurry, and this shocking exhibition is not to be taken as a Parliamentary precedent.

Somebody is advertising for "second-hand champagne quarts," which reminds us of the story of the wine expert, whose opinion was invited upon a certain brand of hock by his parsimonious host. "Well," replied he, "it isn't a *bad* wine—but it tastes to me"—(sipping it)—"as though"—(sipping)—"as though—*it had been drunk before.*"

Who was the cynic who said that the greatest proof of the sincerity of the suffragettes is the fact that they court police proceedings, knowing full well that that involves the publication of their respective ages?

John Bull's Biscuits.

Award No. 214.

For stating in its "Fashionable Notes," under the heading of "Recent Arrivals at Claridge's Hotel," that "The Earl and Countess of Huntingdon were together,"

THE *DAILY EXPRESS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 215.

For publishing on February 18th a graphic account of "A Duel in the Dark," and on the following day a photograph of the combat,

THE *DAILY MIRROR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 216.

For advertising "Single-breasted trousers" at 14s. 6d.,

THE JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY STORES
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 217.

For, in a recent action, "denying that he was a descendant of Ananias—on the contrary pleading that he was the son of a most upright and honourable Elder of the Church of Scotland,"

MR. JOHN THOMAS STEPHEN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 218.

For stating in one part of its issue of February 23rd, that Benjamin Catchpole, one of the "Berlin" victims, left "a widow and seven children, the youngest of whom is 5 weeks old," and in another section, "Mrs. Catchpole, whose husband went down with the ship, yesterday gave birth to a child,"

THE *DAILY CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 219.

For stating that there was no Atheist of standing left in England, and only one in Germany,

THE REV. A. J. WALDRON (of the Christian Evidence Association)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 220.

For presenting a child with a certificate of having passed "the elementary school-leaving examination," inscribed with the words 'finis coronat opus'; and then prosecuting her father for not continuing to send her to school,

THE L.C.C.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

HOW "JOHN BULL" IS HOODWINKED.

Poor old "John Bull"! He never knows his luck. Of late there has sprung up in the land a demand for China tea. It began as a sort of secondary prescription in Harley Street and Cavendish Square, where the doctors looked on their neurotic patients and said: "If you must drink tea, drink only China tea. There is less tannin in it than in the Indian and Ceylon varieties." Now, if you go into a café during the afternoon you will hear China tea called for almost at every table; and not only called for, but supplied.

It appears, however, that China tea is but a delusion and a snare, a name but not a thing, a fake and not a genuine article. So much at least is to be gathered from the speech made by Sir Charles Dilke during the debate on Colonial Preference the other evening. He pointed out that under a scheme of preference we should have nothing to offer to India. "No preference could be given on tea," he said, "because no foreign tea was imported into this country, and the so-called China tea largely drank here really came from India and Ceylon." So once again it must be remarked, "Poor old 'John Bull!'"

Apparently nothing is what it seems—nothing "John Bull" eats or drinks; nothing he buys, borrows, begs, or steals. We want a new Label Law, like they have in America. That necessary bit of legislation has already resulted in revelations. Take the case of one Yankee firm which for years has boldly labelled one of its jam brands as "Strawberry Jelly." Now that the new law has come into force, Cousin Jonathan learns for the first time what strawberry jelly, as understood by this particular firm, really is. It is declared for all to see as:—

STRAWBERRY JELLY.

Apple juice	45 per cent.
Corn syrup	48 per cent.
Granulated Sugar	6 per cent.
Colouring matter and flavour	1 per cent.

That is the whole 100 per cent. A jar can hold no more than 100 per cent. when it is full. There is no room for strawberries—not in that jar.

It may be that British jam is a long way ahead of that. Yet it is possible that if every firm selling food and drink to "John Bull" in glass, or tin, or packet, in this country were compelled to declare on the label the actual contents, he would either have a startling improvement of the goods or receive a startling shock to his brain. What happens in the case of certain British strawberry and raspberry jams, for instance? The manufacturer sometimes adds on his label, in very small letters, by way of making the Food and Drugs Act ridiculous, "Improved with a small portion of"—something or other. The fact is that strawberry or raspberry may cost as much as £30 a ton, and that the more "something or other" he can get into his jars the less the jam will cost him. Nobody can pretend that apple, which only costs £4 a ton, is an improvement on jams of special and delicate flavour like strawberry and raspberry. It is plain and palpable adulteration made legal by twisting the law. Even in the case of an ordinary greengage jam, "improved" by apple jelly, the saving is often as much as five shillings per gross of 3lb. jars.

But through all the range of British foods, whether sealed or loose, the adulterator is openly or secretly at work. A label on a tin has printed in large letters upon it the word "Coffee," but you have to borrow a magnifying-glass to discover the words, in some out-of-the-way corner, "with an admixture of chicory." Or take the case of milk. In London alone about £1,500,000 is spent annually on milk. Of this sum at least £70,000 or £80,000 is paid for water sold as milk. The public, too, pay many thousands of pounds a year for turning the hose-pipe into the butter-tub. Mustard is adulterated scandalously with flour and tumeric; a considerable proportion of commercial pepper is sand; while the vinegar used for pickles, and a large part of that sold over the counter, is largely compounded of water and sulphuric acid.

Oatmeal is extensively adulterated with barley flour, and cocoa is often mixed with arrowroot and other starchy materials, while the honey bought over the counter is frequently not honey at all. Honey is merely the flavouring agent; the substance is potato starch which has been acted on with oil of vitriol. Whisky, despite popular rumour, is, in general, not adulterated, except when it carries excess of water; but brandy, saving that which bears well-known names, is not distilled grape wine, as it should be, but is often made from a mixture of crude spirit with flavouring materials, and possibly a soupçon of genuine grape brandy added. One's tobacco pouch may be full of a proportion of molasses, sugar, aloes, liquorice, gum, catechu oil, lamp black, alum, tannic acid, iron, logwood, salt, leaves of rhubarb, chicory, cabbage, burdock, and coltsfoot. Some of us cannot even be honest with the seeds which replenish the earth, for we adulterate them with all sorts of rubbish, and even take the trouble to dye old seeds so that they may look like new. "What is not adulterated?" the reader may well ask. He has the satisfaction of knowing that the least suspicion, in these days, attaches to bread and sugar.

It may be thought that it is impossible to adulterate eggs, even shop eggs. Yet the truth is that the ingenious manufacturer can now make eggs more easily, and in far greater number, than anybody's hen can lay them. It is stated that a French firm turns out eggs which have yolks like the genuine article, and have a similar flavour, with enormous rapidity, and sells them to villagers at a sou each. In the East-End of London tobacco is to be bought at twopence an ounce, made in the proportion of 12 ounces of camomile flowers to 4 ounces of a mixture of "new" tobacco and "dottles" picked out of the gutters. Here, too, "German" cigars are to be bought, though they contain hardly more tobacco than you would expect to find in your cabbage patch.

Some manufacturers adulterate woollen goods with shoddy and mongo, not to improve the material, but to make more profit out of it, while the cotton fabrics and grey goods of Lancashire are adulterated with size and china clay to give them weight and substance. In the same way, and for the same reason, the cheaper calicoes are impregnated with lime. Black and brown silk is often made heavier and stouter by the incorporation of dye-stuffs expressly used for the purpose; and even half the weight of the silk may be adulteration in some cases. Indeed, if you gave a piece of such silk to a chemist, and asked him to analyse it, he would probably produce a label something like this: "Real silk, 27.14 per cent.; water, 11.43 per cent.; oxide of tin and silica, 15.30 per cent.; organic matter other than silk, 46.13 per cent.; nitrogen, 4.76 per cent." Nature and the manufacturer share the responsibilty for this adulteration between them.

It may be said that wherever there is a chance of making money by adding matter that costs nothing, or very little, and which increases the weight or substance of the thing to be sold, there will the adulterator get to work. Only a month or two ago a man was more or less openly offering and selling to the managers of public houses in London a secret means of increasing the bulk of beer. At one time even such a thing as a cold chisel was made of new steel; now certain makers buy up old springs and make chisels out of them. The covering from one's trunk, the dado one has in the hall, the motor cap one wears, the handbag one carries, may have been old boots and shoes boiled down and pulped into paste. Even commoner candles which are sold in shops may be largely the oily matter dredged up from the Thames and other big rivers. And so the process goes on, from one end of our industrial system to the other. Thousands of years ago the commercial adulterator was at work. He is at work yet, and Acts of Parliament, let the punishment be what it may, will never wholly abolish him while human nature is—human nature.

ONLY.

It was a tack that stood on its head
On the bedroom carpet near the bed.
That's all.

It was only a bachelor leaving his bed,
With heavy eyes and aching head.
That's all.

It was only a bachelor jumped on the floor,
Then hastily lifted one foot and—swore!
That's all.

It was only a poor fellow sat on a bed,
With a tack in his foot right up to the head.
That's all.

It was only like suffering the pain of the rack,
As he carefully pulled out a half-inch of tack.
That's all.

It was only a week that he limped painfullee,
"A kind of at-'tack' in my foot," said he,
"That's all."

IN THE CITY.

THE LONDON UNITED LAUNDRIES, LIMITED.

MR. J. T. GRAHAM REPLIES.

We have received a long and interesting letter from Mr. J. T. Graham, a director of the London United Laundries, Limited, who is angry with us for saying that "the directors are not practical men." He says that "so far as he is concerned" this is an inaccurate statement. He is, he tells us, a very practical laundryman. He is prepared to challenge any laundryman in London to show that he has been more successful in the laundry business than himself. And we are bound to say Mr. Graham goes far to justify his vaunt. We learn from him that he is "a director of seven laundry companies, the London United Laundries, Ltd., being one of them, and with the exception of this laundry they have every one been an unqualified success." One, established in 1888, has "never paid less than 10 per cent. on its Ordinary shares," a second has "never paid less than 5 per cent," a third never less than 8 per cent.; the fourth "for several years paid steady dividends," the fifth pays 5 per cent., and the sixth the same. It is only the unhappy London United Laundries that pays nothing, and has never paid anything, to its Ordinary shareholders.

Well, let us admit, as we do without qualification, that Mr. Graham is an experienced and a successful laundryman, and that therefore the London United Laundries is not without competent expert opinion upon its board. But then one rose does not make a summer, nor does it follow that a board including one competent business man, acquainted with the trade in which the company is interested, necessarily follows his advice. If Mr. Graham is at one with his colleagues, and the policy he supports is sound, how is it that the London United earns no dividends for its Ordinary shareholders?

Mr. Graham says that the faults in regard to the management are not due "so much" to the directorate as to the fact that when the businesses were taken over the vendors were allowed to start opposition businesses. What does that mean? Mr. Graham knew of this danger when he joined the board, and presumably saw his way to overcome it. Why has he failed? Granted this new competition, there should be room for the London United in the Metropolitan area. May not the explanation be, in part at least, that instead of winning business by the excellence of its work the London United has rather sought to gain it by cutting prices? We invite an answer from Mr. Graham.

Mr. Graham objects to the suggestion that a Committee of Inquiry should be appointed. He omits to tell us why. He does indeed hint that we have adopted the proposal of certain wreckers. But why should a properly constituted committee of shareholders—a committee confined to persons with a substantial interest in the company—wish to wreck it? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that they would do their best to save their own property? And might not the experienced and competent directors, like Mr. Graham, have their hands strengthened by the recommendations of a committee who might well see eye to eye with them, though not necessarily with the majority of the board?

Mr. Graham (who, by the way, was not a promoter) represents the Northern shareholders, who hold practically half the capital of the company. They have confidence in Mr. Graham, and Mr. Graham has confidence in himself. But he has not told them, so far as we know, why it is that whilst six of the laundry companies of which he is a director are very prosperous concerns, the seventh pays nothing to its Ordinary shareholders. Perhaps he will tell us. We shall be happy to give his answer—if he will favour us with one—in his own words.

THE EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT MOTOR OMNIBUS CO., LTD.

We note that this company is creating Debenture stock to the amount of £5,000 bearing interest at 6 per cent. per annum, and offered to the shareholders of the company at 95 per cent. Ordinary Debentures carrying 6 per cent. interest, and issued at a discount, do not represent very sound security, and the present issue is no exception to the rule. We do not say that the money is not wanted—it is always wanted when Debentures are issued—or it may not be profitably employed, but the past history of the company does not inspire confidence.

The directors put forward as the reason for issuing the Debentures that they have spent their available funds, but misspent would be a better word. Here is what they say:—

> "Of the 30 chassis ordered, the company has now in its possession 16, 11 of which have, however, unfortunately proved unsatisfactory. Four of these, though powerful chassis, were badly put together, requiring considerable adjustments, general overhaul and fitting, and so on. . . . The result is that of the chassis received from the contractors the company has only 9, including the 4 in course of construction."

It appears that the 11 chassis that are of no use were paid for, and that the deposit paid with order in respect of the fourteen represent £12,350 of the company's money. But why was this large sum—£12,350 out of the £21,906 left available for the general purposes of the company—paid away before the directors were satisfied that the chassis were properly built? And is there no penalty recoverable from contractors who, if these statements of the directors are accurate—as to which we express no opinion—turn out such scandalous work? The directors continue:—

> "Owing to the failure of the contractors to supply proper chassis, the company was unable to start operations until the middle of September last, practically at the close of the summer season, and then with only three char-a-bancs."

Are the directors certain that if the Debentures now issued are taken up the motor vehicles will be ready for use before the next tourist season commences?

The unfortunate position of the company, consequent upon what we cannot but consider the culpable carelessness of the board, makes it the more incumbent to see that the Debentures now issued are properly secured. The prospectus says:—

> "The Debenture stock will be secured by a floating charge over the whole of the assets of the company, including its garage and motor vehicles."

Quite possibly this security is adequate, but we have to points out that nothing is said about a trust deed, and without this deed the company might pledge its garage and works outside the debentures. Is there a trust deed? If so, why is no mention made of this important point in the prospectus? And if not, why?

We certainly should not recommend those of our readers who are shareholders to take up any of these Debentures unless there is a trust deed. As to whether under any circumstances they should subscribe we are without the local knowledge desirable. Our readers in Edinburgh know what sort of a service the company has put on, having regard to its straightened circumstances—one of our readers wrote to tell us some months ago that it was a very good service. If it be good, and the board are known to be men capable of learning from adversity, it might be desirable to find the money asked for. It is obvious that it is needed, but we think the condition should be that some good business man should join the board who is known to the people of Edinburgh, and can be trusted to walk warily.

THOS. WALLIS AND CO., LIMITED.

We need hardly say that Thos. Wallis and Co., Ltd., is a company with a long and honourable record. It was prosperous before it was turned into a company, it has fulfilled its prospects and promises, and it is still paying handsome dividends. But of late its profits have been diminishing. Up to 1904 they were steadily increasing, and in that year they were £38,536. Since then they have been on the down grade, not to a very serious extent, but still lessening. In 1905 they were £36,687, but for the past year they were £31,596 only. And this notwithstanding that nothing has been put to reserve for two years, whilst the cash balance has been much reduced, and the bank loan largely increased, amounting now to no less than £35,000. The Board would be none the worse for a little new blood. As matters stand, it is a little too much of a family party. The original idea, a perfectly sound one, was to form the Board of the vendor to the company, who was its creator, and leading departmental managers, and that description of it is applicable to-day. But one may have a little too much of the family party, and that, we think, is the case here. Mr. T. H. Wallis is not only a director, he is the buyer of cabinets; Mr D. Reynolds is a director and buyer of dress materials; Mr. Isaac Fisher is director and manager; Mr. W. D. Davies is a director and buyer of mantles; Mr. T. H. Barnard is secretary and director.

The buying is said to leave a good deal to be desired, and the establishment to be falling into a sort of job line trade. We do not know how that may be, but a little new blood on the Board might be an advantage. Gamage's is uncomfortably near.

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Telegraphic Address, "Stockwork," London.

TRANSFERRING ASSURANCE BUSINESS.

With reference to our article of last week on this subject, we have received the following letter, which we commend to the attention of the Salvation Army Headquarters :—

In this week's issue of JOHN BULL, you deal with a reply from Major Trounce, respecting the transferring of assurance business, and I would like to ask, through the medium of your paper, a few questions relating thereto:—

1. If the Salvation Army Assurance Society, Limited, does not encourage the transferring of business from rival companies to theirs, why do they supply their agents with special proposal forms for this class of business?

2. Why do they give Immediate Full Benefit to persons giving up their present policies to take out policies in the S.A.A.?

3. Why do they ask on the proposal form for the date their policy was issued, and to which premium was last paid, and also name of rival Company to be inserted?

4. Why permit their agents to offer Immediate Full Benefit and tell the people they will lose nothing by transferring the business to the Army Assurance, and that by doing so they are Helping on the Rescue and Social Work of the "Army"?

5. If the S.A.A. does not encourage transferring business, why does it allow its superintendents to issue appeals to their agents for plenty of *red proposals* (transfer)?

Here is the extract from which I gather my question in No. 5.

"Boom! Rather; I like it. I go for *red* proposals; the white are too sickly for my liking. I do not mind *fighting*. I have confidence in myself and the society I represent. I keep wide awake for New Business at all times, and am well able to fight Battles.

Red Proposals: Immediate Full Benefit.

White Proposals: Quarter Benefit. Full Benefit in 12 months."

Here is a plain issue. We invite "Major" Trounce to give a plain answer to two plain questions. Does he admit the accuracy of our correspondent's statements? If so, how does he justify the advice to filch business from other companies? Now, "Major," play the man, and answer.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, undertake any "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" description of business.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum.

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„ 6 „ „ „ 7 „ „ „

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

THRIFT SOCIETY.—C. A. M. (Leytonstone).—We do not recommend you to join it.

£5 TO PRODUCE £5,000.—J. C. C. (Wanstead).—You send us a leader advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph*, and you ask us what we think of it. We think it a very disgraceful thing that the *Daily Telegraph* should insert an advertisement having the appearance of an editorial announcement, headed in such a way as to induce the unwary to believe that it is, as, indeed, the *D.T.* affirms it to be, "a Government plan for helping small investors to earn enormous bonuses." Of course, the Government does not advertise plans "for helping small investors to earn enormous bonuses," or anything approaching enormous bonuses. The actual advertisers are swindlers whose conduct we have frequently exposed in JOHN BULL, and who trade under the title of the "International Securities Syndicate," and what these persons propose is to sell foreign premium bonds which may be good enough in themselves, but which have nothing whatever to do with the Government of this country, and from which, it is needless to add, the enormous profit promised in the advertisement cannot be got. We say again it is scandalous that the *Daily Telegraph* should play the game of these rascals (The International Securities Syndicate) at the expense of the public. INVESTMENT (Desborough Gardens).—See previous answer.

FIVE SHARES.—STOCK (Tunbridge Wells).—Nos. 1, 3, and 4 are, on the whole, promising investments, but Day and Martin are doing badly, and we are not satisfied that the Mazawattee Company will recover its old position, or anything near it.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—J. H. K. (Manchester).—Have nothing to do with these people. Do you really think that if you send them £5 they will secure you a yearly income, as they promise to do, of £32 10s.? Or if you send them £100 they will secure you an income of £650 per annum? Such promises ought not to deceive a child.

SIERRA GOLD MINING COMPANY.—A. P. (Levan).—We do not advise you to increase your holding.

THE EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT MOTOR OMNIBUS COMPANY, LIMITED.—THORN (Stratford).—We agree with all you say, and refer to the matter above.

THE UNITED REALISATION COMPANY, LIMITED.—A. H. B. (Birmingham).—Not much.

PANAMA AND OTHER BONDS.—MUS (Merstham).—If you apply to Messrs. De Keyser and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, you will find that they will treat you fairly.

BRITISH ALUMINIUM COMPANY.—E. S. (Disley).—At their present price the Preference shares yield something over 5 per cent., and we think the investment can be recommended. The company is doing well. There is, of course, a greater chance of increased value upon the Ordinary shares.

THREE SOCIETIES.—F. W. O. (Mill Hill).—(1) The strongest of the three concerns you name is the Provident Association of London. (2) We should consider £45 fairly cheap for the bond with five years paid, to which you refer.

"CHASTENS."—R. T. (Llanurtyd, Wales).—If you had read the paragraph carefully you would have found that apparently there is general ignorance as to where this "English Banket Field" is to be found. It is not worth worrying about.

EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT MOTOR OMNIBUS COMPANY.—A. L. K. (Edinburgh).—We have your two letters with your correspondence with the company. We observe that the secretary does not explain why, if the contractors failed to deliver, their responsibility was not enforced.

SUNDRY SHARES.—A. B. (Leeds).—Our advice to you is to sell the lot and cut your loss.

NORTHERN TERRORS.—J. L. (London).—We have no recent information.

RIO TINTO.—COPPERINE (Liverpool).—We think further rise probable, but you must bear in mind the great appreciation of the last two or three weeks.

JAPANESE AND EASTERN CORPORATION.—A. E. (Herne Hill).—We agree with what you say as to this corporation. If you have further correspondence with the secretary let us know the result.

MAZAWATTEE ORDINARY.—D. S. (Barmouth).—(1) We do not recommend dealings with outside brokers. (2) We should prefer some other selection to that of Mazawattee Ordinary. The company is pushing its wares just now, but we hear many complaints of the quality of the tea. (3) You should get your certificates in the course of a week or two. J. L. (Northampton).—See our answer to "D. S."

THE LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY.—R. B. H. (Brockley).—You may take it that you would run no risk. The fact that an ex-judge of the High Court and a present judge are trustees, and that the directors are well known and responsible men, should be sufficient to satisfy you, without going into details.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT AND ACCIDENT COMPANY, LIMITED.—W. A. S. (Levensbalance).—We think your acquaintance is inaccurate, but the company is, of course, a small one.

THE CITY OF CARLISLE ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS.—C. W. M. C. (Suresnes-at-Seine).—We agree that fresh blood is wanted upon the board.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—R. P. (Willesden Green).—Yes, we think so.

SCOTTISH CLERKS' ASSOCIATION.—TYRO (Glasgow).—We are obliged to you for the prospectus you send us of this flourishing and excellent association.

TWENTY-GUINEA COMBINATION.—A. G. M. (Beauvoir Square).—Have nothing to do with these bonds, or the people who issue them.

THREE SHARES.—A. H. (Birmingham).—Yes, we think all three shares represent fair speculative purchases.

JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY STORES.—C. H. (Wantage).—We thank you for your letter recognising our efforts to quicken the interest of shareholders in the affairs of this company.

DEEP LEADS.—C. H. M. H. (Maidstone).—The company has gone to allotment, but dealings are quiet pending the special settlement. We believe the dividend in the other company you mention is about to be declared.

LODDON DEEPS.—S. H. M. (Waterbeach).—We think there may be renewed rise in them.

JERSEY COMPANY.—L. A. C. (New Malden).—The advantages of registering in the Channel Islands are economy and simplicity—and the disadvantage the loss of the supposed protection of the more recent Companies' Acts passed in England.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—"UNCERTAIN" (Liverpool).—Of the three firms you mention the first one is safe to deal with, but we do not recommend their option method.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—C. W. (Manchester).—We consider the firm safe for any differences, but do not recommend their method of business.

LOAN ON FURNITURE.—"OVERDRAFT" (Liverpool).—The only way to obtain a loan on household furniture is by a bill of sale. Ordinary banks do not entertain this class of business.

SUN LIFE OF CANADA.—C. P. (Middlesbrough).—You will be quite safe in taking out an endowment policy with the Sun Life of Canada, and you need not have the slightest fear as to their carrying out any engagements into which they may enter with you.

THE EMPIRE GUARANTEE AND INSURANCE CORPORATION.—TULSE HILL (London).—We should prefer a company of older standing, which must not be taken to mean more than it says.

NANTYGLO AND BLIANA IRON WORKS.—R. B. C. (Glasgow).—We shall be glad to see any papers you may have. The company does not seem to be making much progress.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—SYNDICATE (Clapham Park).—Yes, we have plenty of information about these people, some of which we have published for the benefit of those of our readers who may be influenced by their impudent advertisements. Have nothing to do with them. J. D. W. (Mountain Ash).—See previous answer. "Investor," ditto; J. R. H., ditto; "Bondman," ditto; H. R. H., ditto.

BRITISH OAK HOUSE PURCHASE CORPORATION.—J. W. P. (Cwmlillery).—We should prefer another selection.

VARIOUS SHARES.—DRALLOPA (York).—We should be inclined to say that of the shares you mention those of the Bradford Dyers' Association are to be preferred. At their present price they give a return of 5¾, and there is every likelihood that the profits for the current year will exceed those, excellent as they were, for 1906.

BRITISH LIFE OFFICE, LIMITED.—DOUBTFUL (Fulham).—We should prefer another selection.

THE NIGERIAN MAHOGANY AND TRADING COMPANY.—H. R. (Gunnersbury).—(1) We do not know, but we will get the information for you. (2) We thank you for your very appreciative reference to JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS.

PREMIUM BONDS (West Kensington).—Your acquaintance has acted in a very unfriendly manner if he has "strongly advised you to invest" your "small savings" in these bonds at the bidding of the International Securities Syndicate. Read what we have said about this concern in earlier answers.

THE CALICO PRINTERS' ASSOCIATION.—C. T. (New Cross).—We see no great objection to it. We thank you for your kindly reference to JOHN BULL.

DAVIES AND GILL, LIMITED.—L. C. (Kensington).—Sell West African shares for what you can get. We have no information respecting the other company.

TWO SHARES.—J. L. (Manchester).—(1) The answer as to both shares is in the negative. (2) There are various devices by which addresses are got.

CITY AND COUNTY HOUSE PURCHASE COMPANY.—AGENT (Dublin).—We know of no reason why you should not do so.

TWO BUILDING SOCIETIES.—J. S. (Beckenham).—The two societies you name are among the best.

PAID TO THE PEOPLE.

2½ per cent. on Daily Current Account Balances.
4 per cent. to 6 per cent. on Deposits.
5 per cent. on Thrift Accounts (up to £10).
6 per cent. Dividend on £1 Shares.

FARROW'S BANK, Ltd. (The People's Bank),

22, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.,
And at Brighton, Birmingham, Croydon & Norwich.

IN THE COURTS.

JUDICIAL APPOINTMENTS.

The promotion of Sir R. Horace Collins—if promotion it be—to be a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, has given the Mastership of the Rolls to Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy. If seniority only had been consulted Lord Justice Vaughan Williams would have got it, but on the score of fitness Sir Herbert Cozens-Hardy leaves nothing to be desired. A great equity lawyer, patient and courteous, he will worthily maintain the highest traditions of the Court over which he has been called to preside. His promotion has been singularly rapid. Only the other day—a few months ago—he was the Junior Judge of the Court of Appeal, and it may be presumed that if Sir Robert Romer had not resigned that very eminent Judge would have been Sir Horace Collins's sucessor, since the Mastership was not to be offered to Sir Roland Vaughan Williams. Although so happily circumstanced in fortune and repute, the new Master of the Rolls is not an Adonis. A wicked wag explained his appointment as a Chancery Judge in 1899 by saying that Lord Halsbury was determined that the Bench should be possessed of a plainer man than himself, a jest which would have amused Sir Herbert as much as anybody. He has been a stout Radical from his youth upwards.

CONTRACTS IN RESTRAINT OF TRADE.

We like to give both sides when discussing an important matter of public interest, and so the following from a very competent writer:—

> There is a good deal of popular misunderstanding on the subject of contracts "in restraint of trade," and many a man is misled by what is written down, for, not being a lawyer, he does not know that much of what is written, be it ever so plain, has quite a different effect, or it may be none, in law. Probably quite half the clauses in restraint of trade are absolutely bad in law, and may be complacently ignored, and the reason for this is that they are more often than not so wide and so exhaustive as to be unreasonable.
>
> In principle, the law does not allow of and will not enforce stipulations in restraint of trade, as being against public policy or "contra bonos mores." Of course, the ideas of public policy and of bonos mores may vary considerably at different times and in different countries. For example, it was formerly against public policy to allow a usurer to charge more than 10 per cent., and it is contra bonos mores in Germany to sell the practice of a lawyer or of a doctor. Public policy, however, is concerned with other matters, and one other matter to which it relates in this country is that every man should be bound by the bargain he voluntarily enters into. There are, therefore, two conflicting public policies, each of supreme importance, and the law strikes a happy medium in deciding that contracts in restraint of trade shall be good and enforceable if they are reasonably necessary for the protection of the employer; if they are more than is reasonably necessary for the employer's protection, they are bad altogether, and can be simply ignored by the employee. The great majority of such clauses are undoubtedly too wide and unreasonable. Take, for example, the restraining clause quoted by a traveller in a recent issue of John Bull. The words as they stand would prevent the traveller from starting a store in Teheran in which he would sell blacklead manufactured by himself at Teheran. This would be absolutely unreasonable, as it could in no way whatever injure the employer; and the law rightly says to the employer, "As you have endeavoured to secure more than is reasonable, you shall have nothing." The law will not cut it down or limit the restrictions to what is reasonable, but punishes those who try to grasp unreasonably by chopping off their arm so that they can grasp nothing.
>
> If A were to be engaged as a milk-cart driver in Pimlico, and it is stipulated that after the termination of his engagement he shall not take a milk walk for a year, he can laugh at the stipulation, and engage himself in the very same district, because it is not necessary in order to protect the employer that his old hands should be restrained from soliciting custom (say) in Manchester, though it is reasonable that they should be so restrained in the very streets where the employer's business is carried on; but as the employer has, in words, bound his employee to something which is not reasonably necessary for the sake of protection, there is in effect no restriction whatever. On the other hand, if the engagement is of a managing engineer of a torpedo manufactory, having customers and a "goodwill" all over the world, in Teheran, in Saigon, in Lima, and the uttermost parts of the earth, it may well be that it is only reasonable for the protection of the employer's business and capital that his managing engineer should not be at liberty at once on the termination of his engagement to carry to competitors all the knowledge and experience he has gained as to the peculiar requirements and idiosyncrasies in business of the employer's customers.
>
> These two instances are, of course, chosen as typical extremes, for they serve to illustrate the principle upon which the courts of this country proceed. And the best advice to give to any employee on being asked to sign a contract with a restraining clause, is, "Sign, if it is unlimited or wide in its scope," for then it is harmless; but if it is carefully and moderately worded, and really only seeks to protect the actual business connections of the employer, "Don't sign, unless you think the terms offered to you are worth the fetters."

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Questioned, on Wednesday, by Mr. Donald McLean as to whether, having regard to official utterances in favour of abolition of imprisonment for debt, and known facts as to the abuse of the process, the Government propose to bring in a Bill to abolish such imprisonment, the Attorney General had nothing better to say than that he agreed with the honourable member as to the need for such a measure, and that the Lord Chancellor proposed to introduce it, but when he would have time to do so it was impossible to say. Really, it is too bad this constant delay in the amendment of the law where it has been shown to be in urgent need of amendment. Within the last ten years over 82,000 persons have suffered imprisonment for non-compliance with orders for monetary payments. We have it on the authority of nearly all the County Court judges that this threat of imprisonment is the chief weapon in the hands of firms and persons who foster among the working classes a pernicious system of false credit, and whose main business is to tempt persons of small means to borrow money at ruinous rates of interest, or to purchase articles they cannot afford. Nor does the case, strong as it is, as here described, for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, stop here. The law, as it is enforced to-day, was never meant by Parliament to be so construed. Strictly it cannot be construed in the way many County Court judges construe it. The intention of Parliament was to give judges the power to imprison for debt when there was plain, palpable, flagrant defiance of the directions of the Court by persons who were able to pay, and only then. Parliament never contemplated alowing imprisonment for debt to remain, as it does to-day, the weapon against the poor of the most unscrupulous class of traders in the community. The need for revision is admitted by the Lord Chancellor, by the Attorney General, by every member of the Government who has spoken upon the subject, and yet there is no more likelihood of its being made within reasonable time than there is of a debtor jumping over the moon.

THE COURT OF APPEAL.

The Lord Chancellor has introduced a Bill to allow the Court of Appeal to consist of two judges for all purposes. It is a proposal of very questionable wisdom. An Act of 1899 specially permits a Court of two on appeals or motions by consent, but the experiment has not been a success. It would be highly inconvient to have Courts of two sitting day by day. Suppose the two differ? As it is, there is nothing very uncommon in one of the three dissenting, especially when Lord Justice Moulton is sitting. When the two did not agree would there have to be a new trial? If so, the last state of the Court would be worse than the first. And if the two judges are to be sufficient for a Court of Appeal, why three for the inferior Divisional Court? What is wanted is not any such nonsensical change, but an additional three judges for a third Court of Appeal, and no mere borowing from other Courts. The appeal arrears will never be disposed of by the present two Courts. And to make the position more hopeless, Lord Justice Vaughan Williams is taken away to preside over a Royal Commission, thus affecting the Courts below owing to the Lord Chief Justice, or the President of the Divorce Court, having to take his place so as to enable the second Court of Appeal to sit.

A FOOLISH PRACTICE.

A correspondent directs our attention to what he describes as the "inane habit" of coroners' juries adding irrelevant riders to their verdicts. For example, recently a man died from perfectly natural causes. One of the witnesses deposed that the deceased had applied to a Guardian for relief and was told that he could starve. It was merely gossip, but in spite of the fact that it was proved in evidence that the man was not in want, and that anything the Guardian might have said or done could not have possibly contributed to his death, the jury added a rider to their verdict censuring the Guardian was able to completely disprove the allegation they went beyond their duty, which was to find how deceased came by his death. It so happened that in this case the Guardian was able to completely disprove the allegation against him, but, notwithstanding, the rider of the jury did him harm.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

We only undertake to answer short legal questions in this column. In all cases where complicated questions, involving the consideration of documents, are put to us a fee of 5s. must accompany the inquiry.

Queries are requested to write on one side only of the paper, and to write separate questions on separate slips of paper.

Life Policy.—"Simplex" (Ealing).—The policy belongs to the mother, and will form part of her estate at death, so we do not see how you can escape the death duties which become rightfully payable, unless the mother assigns the policy to one of the children and abandons all claim to it. In that event the money is payable to the assignee direct. If any deed was executed to secure distribution to the others, duty would be payable on that deed if it came under the notice of the Inland Revenue. We do not encourage attempts to defeat the Revenue of what is lawfully payable.

Estate of Deceased Uncle.—"Griff" (Glam.).—We understand you to say that you have one uncle living. In that case the estate of your deceased uncle is to be so divided that his brothers and sisters would have equal shares, and when any of them have died their children would divide their father's share, and if you are his sole child you would take the whole of his share.

Death in America of Relative.—"Young Bullen" (Buckhaven).—You should ascertain whether the will has been proved in England by searching at the Registry, Somerset House. Your only means of finding out what took place in America is to employ a solicitor over there to make inquiries. You can do this through an English solicitor.

Marriage Before Registrar.—"Green" (Essex).—The Registrar's office is at St. George's Hall, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. The fee is 9s. 7d. Yes, you must reside in the district for 21 days.

Child in Home.—W. F. (Kilburn).—You cannot deprive yourself of your rights over your child, and whether you pay anything or not you can recover possession of it. You should, however, contribute what you can afford, and make it a condition of the payment that you have the right to take the child away when you choose.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

(Mrs. Bull will be delighted to receive suggestions and contributions from our readers.)

A Fashionable Sleeve.

It seems probable that the wide sleeve, which was a little in fashion last year, will be even more so during the coming spring and summer. As usual, the idea originated in Paris, where the greatest of "les grandes dames" seem to vie with each other in wearing the most enormous sleeves. Some of them hang in straight, severe folds from the shoulder to far beyond the wrist, while others are ruched at the top, and reach only to the elbow, the effect being that of a wide, full frill around the upper part of the arm. In both, however, the width is very great. Indeed, except that there is nearly always an under frill of lace or chiffon, the sleeve resembles more that of a Japanese than a European costume. Unfortunately, it is only the tall, slender woman who can carry off such a fashion to advantage, so that it can never be universally popular.

A Brave Frenchwoman.

A well-known figure during the Franco-Austrian War was that of Madame Jean Feltz, whose death, in her 80th year, is just reported from Alsace, her native province. As a "cantinère" or canteen woman she accompanied the French army to Magenta in 1859. Leaving the canteen one day during the fighting she went into the battlefield, picked up a gun belonging to a dead soldier, and commenced to fire on the enemy. Later on in the same campaign, at Solferno, this brave woman adopted the rôle of a Sister of Charity, and did splendid work on the battlefield amongst the wounded soldiers, in the very midst of the fight. Her work here was greatly admired and appreciated by the sick soldiers, and many marks of respect were shown her when she quitted the French army just before 1870 and retired to her native province, where she has lived ever since, an interesting and well-known inhabitant, and, probably, the only survivor of those cantinères so famous during the 19th century.

Women as Policemen.

Amongst the many new occupations for women one of the most novel would be that of serving in a police force. However, it seems likely to be adopted in Belgium very shortly. The idea originated with M. Vanwesemael, one of the chief commissioners of police, who is doing his utmost to get the municipal consent to appoint a dozen women as police officers in the Belgian town of Ghent. The women are not to wear any distinctive uniform; they are to be between the ages of forty and fifty, and are to be either unmarried or widows. The wisdom of the latter qualification is evident, for domestic felicity would at least be insecure in those households where a refractory husband stood the chance of being escorted to the police station by his own wife, armed with the full authority of the law. It may be that M. Vanwesemael dreams of a time when moral suasion only shall be necessary for criminal reform in Belgium, and therefore can be most effectively carried out by women, whose tact and diplomacy in such a matter are so much greater than are found in "brutal man."

Posy Rings.

Jewellers are trying to revive a fancy for sentimental finger-rings, and are introducing modified editions of the old-fashioned posy rings and gimmal rings that were used for betrothals. They are quaint, pretty things, with their mottoes and carvings. Some of the old sixteenth century posy rings, or fede rings, as they were called, bore the following mottoes: "My hart and I until I dy," "I love and like my choyse," "I chuse not to change," "Let reason rule affection." Others with double-line posies were distinguished by religious sentiments, such as "Fear the Lord and rest content, So shall we live and not repent, "As I in thee have made my choyse, So in the Lord let us rejoice." Gratiano, in "The Merchant of Venice," alludes to a ring "whose posy was, For all the world, like cutlers poetry Upon a knife, 'Love me and leave me not'"; and Hamlet in the play scene asks "Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?"

The Three Wishes.

So Mrs. Langtry has at last attained her third wish! I remember, many years ago, when the Jersey Lily was a slip of a girl, her confiding in me that she had three ambitions in life—viz., to become a grandmother, to be an actress, and to possess a title. The second was easily realised—at least, the Lily went on the stage. The first, though it took time, has become *un fait accompli*. The last and greatest of the three was brought to maturity only the other day; for, on the death of Sir Henry de Bathe, Mrs. Langtry became Lady de Bathe. (Rough luck on Max!) This is where the justice of Scottish law would apply.

A Study in Evolution.

As a study in evolution and a demonstration of how history repeats itself, the supremacy of the small waist at the moment is interesting. Hour-glass figures always follow a high-waisted or classical epoch, and just as the First Empire fashions of Napoleon's day were superseded by skin-tight corsages and trim waist measurements, just as the threatened revival of those classical vogues under the auspices of the Second Empire was met by a refusal of them and the bringing in of the tapering waist, so are the hour-glass figures of 1907 acting as a counterblast to the revival of the First Empire fashions that have been evident for some seasons past. High and low-shouldered sleeves succeed one another in the same way.

The Disadvantage of Over-Leniency.

I do not believe in the whip-hand, but undoubtedly mistresses are better served if they exercise a certain amount of authority over their servants, and, more than this, the servants themselves are really happier in doing their work if their mistresses are not too lenient. The ignorant mind soon takes advantage of over-kindness and too much leniency, and under such treatment is apt to deteriorate, with the result that slovenliness takes the place of pride, interest in work flags, duties are shirked because it is known the omission will be readily passed over, and gradually character itself is affected by existing conditions. It is mistaken kindness and over-indulgence on the part of many women that lead to their being badly served by their servants. One "general" I know of gave as one of her reasons for leaving her situation that her mistress left her too much to herself. "She never found fault with me, nor anything," was the complaint, a world of meaning being conveyed by the "anything," uttered in a very reproachful tone.

Dress and the Stage.

Stage gowns are very different to what they were—I mean as regards richness of material; and the cost of dressing a play is a very serious item in the expenses of a theatrical production. Court dressmakers are requisitioned for the creation of the costumes, and no longer are the tawdry, cheap materials considered good enough for the other side of the footlights, but the best silks, satins, and velvets that looms can produce, and the most exquisite hand-embroideries, hand-painted stuffs, and so on, are used. Even such delicate, costly things as seed-pearls are pressed into the service of embroideries for stage purposes—which seems absurd, since distance in such a case does not lend enchantment to the view. A West-End stage, where a modern play dealing with fashionable society is concerned, is now looked to for displaying the cream of modes turned out by master hands. In fact, managers rely greatly on the gowns for attracting the feminine portion of the audience, and, after all, it is the women who are the chief support of the theatres. At matinées there are very few men. It is usual for West-End managers to provide the dresses for the ladies of the company, whether the play be modern or "costume," but actresses who go a-touring with modern plays are expected to find their own toilettes.

Pretty Hands.

Although it may not be possible to alter the shape of a hand, yet much may be done to improve the appearance of a coarse skin and beautify a commonplace hand by careful attention to the finger-nails, for upon the condition of these depends, to a great extent, one's impression of the hand itself. A pretty hand is one of the greatest ornaments of Nature, and should be cultivated. The art of manicure is a very simple one, and well worth learning.

Hints on Manicure.

In the treatment of the hands, a most important point is to dry them thoroughly every time they are washed, otherwise the skin is liable to crack and redden, and prove unbecoming. It is usually an easy matter to maintain a satin-like softness of skin with a little ordinary care. When roughness is apparent, this should be at once subdued by rubbing on a little emollient lotion, such as simple glycerine and rose-water, mixed, or a cucumber-cream lotion. Glycerine is not suitable for all skins, being too heating for those of a more sensitive nature, and causing a good deal of smarting when applied to a cracked and chapped skin. But at other times it often proves one of the most successful, as it is also one of the cheapest emollients.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner.

THE REAL CHANCES OF CURING LOSS OF HAIR & GREYNESS.

By Warner Oliver.

An exposé of current fallacies and impossible claims and an offer of expert individual advice free of cost to readers of "John Bull."

"What hope can honestly be held out to the man or woman whose hair is commencing to fall, or is showing signs of greyness, or upon whose head a state of baldness is actually visible?" There is only one reply which can be given by anyone competent from experience to express an opinion, and that is, "It depends entirely upon the individual conditions present in the case of each separate person."

From this it will be gathered that I entirely condemn the practice of using universal so-called remedies for the hair, whether internal or external. The man or woman who thinks it possible to devise one remedy which will suit all people and all hair troubles alike is labouring under an absurd delusion.

The prevalence of hair troubles in general, and greyness and baldness in particular, is due more than anything else to the public having been unconsciously educated (by those who should know better, seeing that they profess some knowledge of the hair) to believe that when hair trouble develops all that is necessary is to buy a bottle of this, that, or the other lotion, or some internal medicine, and all will be well, quite regardless of the origin of the hair complaints and the individual circumstances.

WASTED MONEY.

To a man whose profession it is to deal daily with numerous patients suffering from hair trouble and disorders of the scalp the folly of this and the resulting waste of money is absolutely alarming.

I do not mean to convey that loss of hair or baldness cannot be prevented, nor that greyness cannot be checked or removed, for most cases of hair complaint are comparatively easy of cure, provided the right means are sought. So strongly do I feel upon this subject that I have, at my own expense, prepared and published an illustrated book on hair and its treatment, of which I am ready to send a copy free of any charge to every one who suffers annoyance of any sort with the hair, and I can state that it is full of interesting and useful facts about the hair and its common ailments and their treatment. It does not contain any puff or advertisement of any so-called remedy; nor does it offer anything at all for sale. To those, therefore, who suffer loss of hair, baldness, greyness, scurf, irritation, or whose hair is out of order in such ways as greasiness, dryness, brittle, and split condition, etc., I am pleased to present a free copy, and if it has the effect of stopping the foolish resort to impossible cure-all remedies, my object will have been achieved.

Further, it will be seen by readers of my book that I make an offer therein to consider and send a brief report and opinion on the reader's own case if particulars of his or her complaint are sent to me on the form which accompanies the book. This I do without any charge whatever. Nor is it obligatory that any advice I am able to give should be followed unless the inquirer so desires.

I, therefore, invite every reader who has any trouble with the hair to call or write to me, Mr. Warner Oliver, 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W., for a copy, which I shall be pleased to send by return of post. I would ask that my correspondents, when applying, will mention John Bull, and say whether they are to be addressed as Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other title, to ensure its correct delivery. [Advt.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF NEW YORK

Mr. William Travers Jerome, the District Attorney of New York, who, by the way, is not a cousin, as has been erroneously stated, but an uncle of our own Winston Churchill, is one of the few men of gentle birth and breeding who have entered American politics and gained a first place in the public service. Mr. Roosevelt is another, and the two men are very much alike in many respects. The story of Mr. Jerome's start in public life and his subsequent career is typical of his absolute devotion to honesty in the public service. His relentless war on Richard Croker, the former Tammany boss, is a matter of common knowledge, but it is not generally known that Mr. Jerome would, in all probability, never have been heard of in public life had it not been for the friendly offices of Richard Croker.

Mr. Croker had the misfortune in his youth to kill a man. He was tried for his life, and the jury decided that he struck the fatal blow in self-defence and acquitted him. His friends urged him to seek a public vindication by standing for an elective office. He accordingly secured the nomination for coroner, and began a vigorous canvass. Nearly every newspaper in New York attacked him bitterly, but the most vindictive campaign of all was carried on by the *New York Herald*. One evening he met "Larry" Jerome, the father of the present District Attorney and of Mrs. Cornwallis-West. Leonard Jerome's country place adjoined that of the Bennetts and he and Mr. Bennett were on terms of the greatest intimacy. Mr. Jerome congratulated young Croker on his acquittal and expressed the hope that he would gain the public vindication which he was seeking. Croker declared that he had no doubt of his success if he could silence the *Herald*. "Leave Bennett to me," said Mr. Jerome, "I will see that he treats you fairly at least."

Mr. Jerome kept his word. The *Herald* was silenced, and Croker was elected. After that his progress was rapid. A few years later Larry Jerome lost his entire fortune in one of those terrible black days which come to Wall Street. His youngest son, William, was admitted to the Bar soon after and tried to win a practice. He had little success, and finally he applied to the late John R. Fellowes, then District Attorney, for a post as one of his deputy assistants, the salary for which was £200 a year. Mr. Fellowes explained that these places must be reserved for men who could influence votes. Then Mr. Jerome's father remembered his old friendship with Croker, now a powerful boss, and wrote him a note asking if his influence could be used on behalf of his son; and one morning young Jerome received a note from Mr. Fellowes informing him that he had been appointed a full assistant at a salary of £600 a year.

It was in the office of John R. Fellowes that William Travers Jerome gained the experience which makes him one of the greatest cross-examiners of the day. It was there also that he learned the devious ways of Tammany politics, and acquired the knowledge which makes him a terror to the political evil-doer.

SHAMS.

Yankee El Dorados.

One would not take the Yankee to be a very gullible person, and yet he must be if the circulars sent out by mining promoters in America pay for the cost of stationery and stamps. Here is a specimen:—

Mr. H. B. Tefft, who appears to have something to do with the Leyner Engineering Works, Denver, Colorado, reports upon a mine in which a Mr. Gaylord Wiltshire, of New York, is interested—interested to the extent of inducing the public to take up shares. And this is how he describes the property:—

> Your deposit of ore is so exceedingly large, and nature has given you so much in the way of power, water, timber, tunnel and splendid mill sites; if your value is sufficiently large to net you 25 per cent. per ton, after all mining and milling expenses are paid, your company can pay off the American National Debt and have money left. In other words, if you compute the tonnage of, say, only 200 feet on the length of your immense lode, the figures are so stupendous as to be beyond human comprehension.

Talk about mining profits. Here is one from whose profits the American National Debt can be wiped out without difficulty! "Profits so stupendous as to be beyond human comprehension." One would have thought this sort of stuff would not deceive the 'cute Yankee, but apparently it does.

We have received a copy of "Gamage's Sale News," an interesting publication, containing a most readable sketch of the career of Mr. A. W. Gamage, together with particulars of the great sale now taking place at his establishment. Few modern businesses have made such rapid strides.

V.—HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

We have received the following letter, and we have interviewed its writer. We are satisfied that what is said is true, and being true it points to a very painful state of things, more easy, perhaps, to expose than to remedy.

May I beg a few minutes of your very valuable time, and in anticipation of your granting my request, it is too late to help.

I am a reservist of H.M. Army, 3 years colour and 9 reserve, of which I have nearly completed two years. I arrived home from India in March, 1905, in the hope of being able to support my aged mother, who is now 65 years of age, and suffers from chronic bronchitis and asthma. On my arrival I found my brother, who had been helping to support her, was dying of Bright's disease, leaving my sister and me to keep up the home. Unfortunately, I have only been a burden and worry to both mother and sister, who has been in her berth for twelve years or more.

I was, previous to joining the army, a cheesemonger's assistant, and on my return to civil life I applied to several large provision stores for a berth, one being the Home and Colonial Stores, Limited. As soon as I showed my Army papers I was informed that owing to my being a Reservist they could not entertain my application. Since then I have only done odd jobs, and I have not done any work since last October, 1906. Up to the present, I have, with my friends' help kept up my appearance; but, naturally enough, they have got tired of helping me, so now the bubble must burst, and I am at my wits' end to know how to move. I would not care if I could only see my mother comfortable; it is not for myself that I appeal, but for my poor helpless mother, who is fast going to her grave. She is a devout church-woman, my sister is a Congregational teacher. My father died some ten years ago, with several debts to pay. We are now in the Lord Mayor's Court for debt for goods supplied for our small shop (linen-draper's). We owe a large sum to various people, and they are pressing for payment. Our rent is £34 a year, of which we are in arrears, and there is only the workhouse left if no help is forthcoming. We let off three rooms, out of six, to lodgers, and we have had some very bad ones. Also shop debts which we are unable to get, and the greatest misfortune is, that owing to my mother's helplessness, she has been the victim of a large number of robberies—some, heavy losses. Our average takings are about 15s. per week; out of that we get about 4s. profit. We have never received one penny of charity. I am twenty-four years of age, single, strong, and healthy, sober, and willing to do anything to earn my living and to contribute to help my mother. I am sure that if anybody deserves help it is us, and we can supply excellent records to anyone that may feel interested in this case, and we court full inquiry in every possible way.

Now, dear Sir, I am afraid that I have exhausted your patience, but hope you will excuse me under these trying circumstances. I do hope that someone will help us before it is too late to help.

THE DEVIL IN CORNWALL.

A correspondent writes us from Torquay as follows :—

"T. P." (Hitchin), in your last issue, wrote about "Jim Crow's" recent article on the "Devil and Cornwall," but evidently "T. P." is more at sea than "Jim."

"J. C." (the initials look bad) was perfectly correct. The legend is that a certain person known as his Satanic Majesty (though I have some doubts as to his existence) never entered Cornwall, the reason being on account of that peculiar habit which the Cornish folk have of making everything into pies and pastries. Long, long ago the Old Chap, after a busy time in the sister county, went for a walk across Dartmoor to rest himself, and from Xes Tor took a view of Cornwall, finding it very pleasant to look upon, and possibly very promising for future work. But as he watched the ancient people he was struck by the fact that they made everything into pies—titty pie, likky pie, rooky pie, skab pie, and berby pie, to mention only a few. This strange mania caused him to ponder deeply over the matter and he put himself the very pertinent question, "What if they took a fancy to devily pie?" That settled the matter, and regretfully he returned.

Many have evinced a readiness to amplify and adorn, too, this tale. In Cornwall the following lines are known to a few :—

At Linkinhorne the Devil was born,
At Stoke he first spoke,
At Gunnislake he made a mistake,
At North Hill he was taken ill,
At Lezant he began to pant,
At Fellowhead he fell down dead.

To Dress Well at a Moderate Cost, consult

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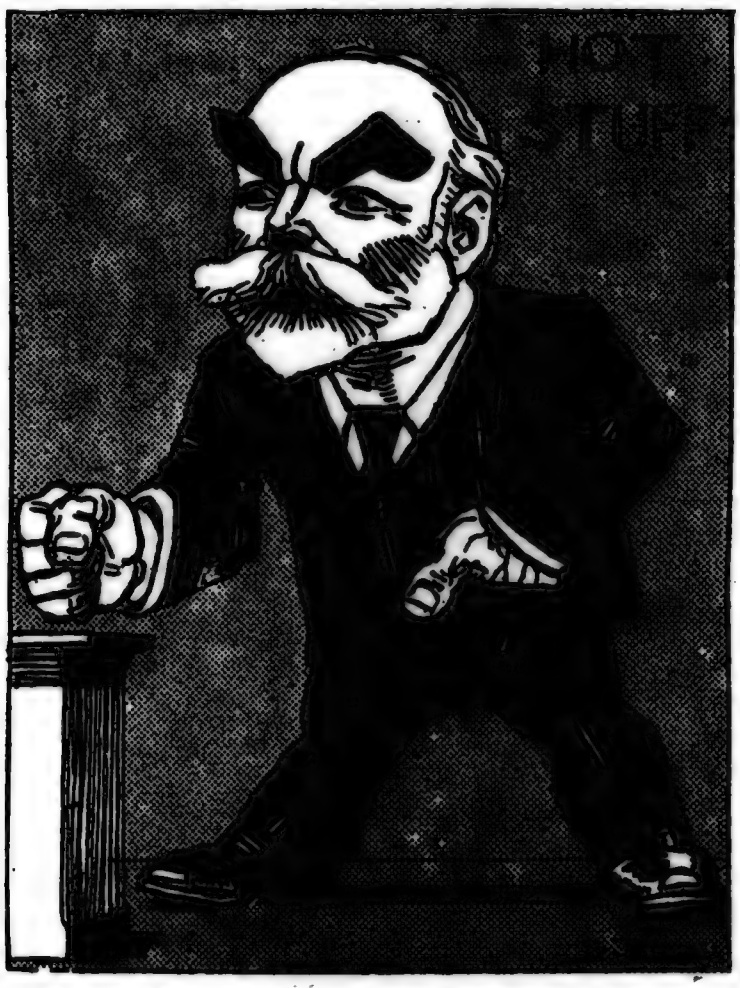
JOHN BULL'S POST-CARDS.

To Sir Berkeley Sheffield, M.P. for Brigg.

Dear Bart,—As you are one of those misguided persons called Tariff Reformers, you will not expect me to go into raptures over your appearance in the House of Commons; though you have high notions about collars. Still, you did give the Liberal candidate an awful thumping, and I like anybody who can put up a good fight whether on the brig o' Ayr or in the air o' Brigg.

But what is your constituency driving at? Is it trying to break C.-B.'s heart? The British elector is a queer lot; he is apt to change his mind as often as his shirt. Shouldn't be a bit surprised if, at the next election at Brigg, he gave the Liberal a chance again. Turn and turn about, one up and t'other down, here to-day and gone to-morrow—that's the way to vote!

Of course, I could explain your victory away if I wanted to. I could say you got in because you were a local magnate, and owned the whole local show, so



THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS, M.P.

to speak. But I take the facts at their face value. You have dammed the flowing tide, commenced the handwriting on the wall, hammered a nail in the Government coffin, bored a hole in their ship, put a spoke in their wheel, and given 'em notice to quit. Heving bless your 'appy 'ome.

JOHN BULL.

General Botha, Premier of the Transvaal, S.A.

Mon General,—How times do change, Gen. Six years ago you never expected to be Premier of the Transvaal. To be quite frank, you rather expected to be a corpse. But behold yourself in the glass now, and wonder—General Botha, unconquered leader in the Boer Army, British citizen, popular loyalist, and Premier! That could not have happened, and would not have happened, in Germany, or France, or Belgium, my friend. You might have professed loyalty till you were black in the face.

I am glad to see you in your high place, anyhow. Men like you do not play the traitor; and it would not be worth while now, even if you were inclined to. So buck in and buck up. There is plenty of work to do, and it is in your hands. As to the croakers—well, don't Botha.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. Hugh Prichard, Anglesey.

My dear old Boy,—Delighted to find you still in the land of the living. Several happy returns of your hundredth birthday. I remember your father. He was rector of Llanfairpwllgogerychwyrndrobwllandisiliogogoch.

A hundred years of life is a long, long time to live, old boy, and in your case the time has been well spent. You have been trying, not to get man into heaven, but to get heaven into man, not merely to preach the life to come, but to get the most and the best out of the life here and now. A sportsman and a philanthropist, everybody in Anglesey who knows you loves you; and in the years to be, "when the clouds break and the shadows flee away," those who loved you will not forget you. Hope to be able to drop you another post-card next year.

JOHN BULL.

Lord Curzon, P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., D.L., etc., etc., Carlton House Terrace.

My Dear Curz,—Glad to see you are livening up again. Wondered where you'd got to. Thought you'd made up your mind never to smile again. Known you ever since you were a baby in the bath; been watching your career ever since. How you have got on since you were that cheekiest boy on the platform!

Born with brains and brilliance, you were; never undervalued yourself; always ran your Under-Secretary-ship as if you were Prime Minister; played up to your Viceroyalty in India as if you were Emperor Edward VII. and the Kaiser in one; eclipsed everybody on earth in magnificence; didn't like Kitchener; wanted to boss him, and couldn't; and so gave yourself the sack. Now you are about again, inclined to help Lord Newton to reform the House of Lords.

But, Curz, dear boy, I fear you will only make noble *confrères* like Lord Lansdowne and Lord Townshend smile a sickly smile when you propose that among the batch of created representative peers should be leaders of trade unions. Personally, I agree with you. I would really like to see Keir Hardie clothed in purple and fine linen, with a coronet on his brow and patent leathers on his feet.

Lansdowne and Co. notwithstanding, it is a good, democratic idea, Curz, and I shall support it every time; indeed, at a pinch I would not mind condescending to become a peer myself in a House of Lords reformed on the lines of Newton and yourself—of course, with the right to resign if I didn't like it. Mention the matter to me again in twenty years' time. Meanwhile, the Tory party is badly in want of a leader. Why not take on the job?

JOHN BULL.

Sir C. W. Matthews, K.C., Counsel to the Treasury, New Bailey.

Dear Matty,—How do you feel being a knight all the day, Charlie? It wasn't your fault, of course, for how should you know the King wanted to make a "Sir" of you? But there is no question that you did almost miss it. There was the Lord Chamberlain shouting for "Charles Williams"! Evidently he didn't know Williams from Adam or Matthews.

Anyhow, when no Williams arrived, though the King waited, somebody explained that if the Lord Chamberlain would keep the vacancy there was just the very man, somewhere near, for the post. After awhile they found you on the top of the building, and hurried you down in a lift to the feet of the King. So all's well that ends well. By-the-way, when you get a chance you might tell the Lord Chamberlain to improve his handwriting; which he should at least be able to read himself. You remember, doubtless, how, years ago, you and I crossed swords. But time heals all things. And you're a fine fighter, so I like you.

JOHN BULL.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

(STILL UNANSWERED).

(With apologies to Mr. Chas. Dana Gibson)

MR. DOOLEY ON DIPLOMACY.

By F. P. Dunne.

(*Copyright, 1907, by H. H. McClure and Co.*)

"I see," said Mr. Dooley, "they've sint us a new Ambassadure fr'm England. I don't invy th' poor man."

"Isn't it a good job?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It used to be," said Mr. Dooley. "It used to be a fine job, if ye were tired an' needed a rest. Nawthin' to do all day but kick because Joe Cannon was let into dinner ahead iv ye an' decidin' wud ye wear th' green an' yellow pants or th' pale blue knee breeches to th' White House. Hogan says he see th' diplomats together wan time in Wash'nton. There was a few white men among thim, but th' rest looked like a muster iv th' Knights iv th' Goolden Star (colored) on Emancypation Day.

"In thim good old times th' foreign nations sint us f'r a diplomat something they cudden't use at home, an' we sint thim th' same an' manny iv thim. They shipped us th' mimber of a noble but rayjooced fam'ly with a mustache that looked well on parade but bad in th' coffee, an' had a fine flow iv conversation just th' same as a door post. We handed thim back a distinguished statesman who owned a clothing store an' fourteen votes an' no more in th' Thirtieth Congressyonal Disthrist iv Ioway. If he had anny more votes he'd stay at home an' get ilicted Sheriff or Coroner or to some other office iv honor.

"Nayther side got th' betther iv th' other. It was a case all around iv disposin' iv what Armour wud call th' bye-product. We made an Ambassadure to Europe iv what was left over afther th' nommynation iv a Congressman. If he was goin' to England he must know th' name of Shakespere be heart an' have an eye r-ready to leak at a mintion iv that great pote. Th' damp climate iv th' British Isles is due to a succission iv American Ambassadures weepin' at cornerstone layins an' th' openin' iv libries. Whin th' time come to rayturn th' complimint ye'd r-read in th' pa-aper: 'Sir Alf Orkins, Consul at Coontown on th' East Coast, in a disgrace with th' Governmint f'r his attentions to a lady that is considered a sthrikin' brunette even in sunny Africa. Th' Cabinet is detarmined to punish him severely an' he has been appinted Ambassadure to th' United States.' He come over here an' stayed a few years. His first act on landin' was to file a gin'ral demurrer to th' counthry an' its inhabitants, which he filled out in detail later on. He wrote home to Chipping Norton fr'm time to time regretting that he had nawthin' to eat but canvasback ducks an' terrypin, an' that he cudden't find anny viggytable marrow, let alone winkles, in this degraded counthry. 'Afther awhile he set down an' sint a letter iv advice on American pollyticks to an innocint searcher afther th' truth in th' employ iv a campaign comity, an' thin he was allowed to go home be th' first boat.

"Well, Sir, 'twas a ca'm an' beautiful life they led. Nawthin' to worry thim but th' question iv dhress an' Joe Cannon always beatin' thim to th' vittles. They niver were able to git in first. They thried to thrip him up, but he jumped over th' British Ambassadure's foot. They grabbed his coattails, but his hunger an' dimmycratic thraditions iv what Hogan calls precedence was too sthrong f'r thim. Whin they got into th' dining-room there he was in a seat where he cud grab th' first waiter that come along. Some iv thim asked f'r a man-iv-war to enfoorce their demands f'r th' first helpin' to th' corned beef, but Joe Cannon defied thim. He said no furriner cud get in ahead iv him. He'd had th' right kind iv thrainin' in Vermillion County with a hired man as pacemaker. He said 'twas merely a matther iv th' start. He was off quicker than th' imported gourmand, an' his quick start give him ten yards advantage over th' fastest an' hungriest man in th' Diplomatic Corps. He thought if it wasn't f'r his rayspict f'r th' Chief Ixicootive, an' if he wasn't bumped an' made to swerve in th' stretch he cud run th' Prisidint himsilf to a head.

"Iv coorse, Hinnissy, that was a sorrow iv th' diplomats, an' they had other griefs. It was hard to dance th' two-step an escape cuttin' off their legs with their soords, their gloves busted at times, an' now an' thin a Southren Congressman tapped wan iv thim on th' shoulder an' says: 'Snowball, dash back to th' pantry an' fetch me another slice iv this here pie, an' be quick about it, or I'll blow ye'er black head off.' That was onpleasant, but th' life gin'rally was a cheerful wan, an' if they cud read th' pa-apers they often knew what they were doin'.

"But 'tis all changed now. Th' Ambassadure has no snap. He's got to keep thrained to th' minnyit, an' whin he goes up to th' White House he wears fightin' thrunks undher his unyform an' carries tennis bats, fencin' masks, wrestlin' togs, an' boxin' gloves in his bag. Whin th' Prisidint come into office he looked th' Diplomatic Corps over an' says he: 'They need healthful exercise. They ar-re an anemic lot.' An' thin ye began to read in th' pa-apers: 'Th' arrival iv Baron Speck von Sternberg as German Ambassadure at Wash'nton has sint a thrill through diplomatic circles. F'r a long time th' infloonce iv Germany has been wanin'. Th' former Ambassadure was a larned man, but th' most exercise he iver took was polishing his eyeglasses. Th' German Impror was in despair f'r th' Fr-rinch Ambassadure Mossoo Jusserand was at th' White House ivry day conductin' important negotiations with a tennis bat in th' back yard. Th' Fr-rinchman is a fine tenniser, but sthrange to say th' Prisidint can just beat him ivry time. It suddenly occurred to th' Kaiser to sind over Speck, who is wan iv th' best soordsmen in th' Germany army. Th' change was instantanyous. Yisterday th' Fr-rinch Ambassadure was seen weepin' and beatin' on th' White House dure with a tennis bat while th' German Ambassadure made faces at him through th' window. Baron Speck has lost wan ear f'r th' fatherland, but he has negotyated a threaty f'r th' free expoort iv dachshunds into this counthry.

"Former fav'rite Ambassadures ar-re secretly delighted with th' change, but there ar-re fears that important divolopmints may follow. Th' Jap'nese Minister has not been himsilf since he taught th' Prisidint jiujitsoo an' was severely cut be th' glass iv a skylight through which he was thrown. Th' Fr-rinch Ambassadure may go home an' his Governmint is negotyatin' with a prom'nent handball player. Th' Swedish Governmint will make an attimpt to have Hackenschmitt riprisint Sweden at Wash'nton. Last night th' Prisidint was in an especially jolly mood at th' diplomatic reciption, where he showed th' British Ambassadure a new thrip. It wint off very well. Th' Ambassadure on'y said: 'My word,' as he sat down on an 'andiron. Th' Eyetalian Ambassadure is lookin' very gloomy afther an unsuccessful attimpt to teach th' Prisidint a new game iv cat's cradle. Th' Prisidint said it wud be all right if ye used wire cable an' whoiver lost a hand lost th' game too. He is detarmined to establish closer relations with th' South American raypublics an' he has challenged th' dark-hued diplomats to a grand rasslin' match, whin he will take thim all on at wanst. Th' Ministers iv Chile, Peru, Argentine, Brazil, Uruguay, an' Icwadoor have hurriedly left town. Th' Turkish Minister has asked to be relieved an' have his head cut off. He says he prefers to die at home. Th' Prisidint is very much pleased at th' appintmint of Oscar th' Rooshyan Joynt as Ambassadure fr'm Rooshya. He thinks he can make wan hundherd an' eighty pounds be th' time th' riprisintative iv th' Czar prisints his credintials.

"So ye see, Hinnissy, 'tis no aisy thing f'r th' spiled darlin' iv Europeen coorts to do business around Wash'nton. Who's this new Ambassadure fr'm th' home iv that part iv our Anglo-Saxon race that hasn't

got its vote counted yet. He's a fine English gintleman iv th' old school, fr'm th' north iv Ireland. A good man. He's what they call a Liberal in England. A Liberal in England is a man who believes in th' same things that radical men in this counthry believe in—like J. Pierpont Morgan or Andhrew Carnaygie. He's in favour iv takin' th' poor man's money away fr'm th' arrystocracy an' givin' it to th' plain rich.

"I don't know what his qualifications f'r th' job ar-re. He looks prétty old to me f'r a gymnast. He's a book man, an' that's bad. I niver knew anny wan byt Teddy that cud thrain f'r a foot race on lithrachoor. What did this la-ad write, says ye? He wrote a book wanst that Hogan read, called 'Th' American Common Wealth.' He'll find a gr-reat deal more wealth whin he comes over, an' if he goes to New York an' stays at a fash-nable hotel he'll see that it's just as common as iver it was. I don't know whether 'tis a good book or a bad. I niver read it. Hogan says 'tis full iv information about that there docymint that railroad Prisidints an' gr-reat fi-nanceers have become so much inthrested in iv late, th' what-d'ye-call-it?—th' constitution. There ain't a railroad Prisidint in this counthry that hasn't declared: 'Now that ye call me attintion to it, I wud lay down me life f'r th' dear old constitution.' I like especially th' paragraph which says: 'Hands off our stout railroad Prisidints, a nation's pride!' Me frind Harriman is in tears over th' outrages on th' constitution an' is thinkin' iv leavin' th' counthry an' givin' away all his hard, even tough-earned, money. Jim Stittnan, rather thin see th' constitution maltreated be subpœny sarvers, is goin' abroad, without anny flourish iv thrumpets, but undher an assumed name. But if I was th' new British Ambassadure, 'tis th' constitution iv Tiddy Rosenfelt I'd keep me eye on. That's th' on'y wan that don't need protiction fr'm th' judicyary.

"But annyhow what difference does it make at all? Sure, who cares who's Ambassadure? Manny years ago 'twas a divvle iv a job. Th' Ambassadure was a part iv his own counthry thransplanted. Wheriver he wint he was a walkin' United States iv America. If anny wan asked him what th' policy iv his counthry was his answer was: 'I make it up as I go along.' It took about a year f'r him to raypoort annything he had done, an' another year to get th' reproof back, so he led a free an' riochous life, declared war, punched Prime Ministers in th' eye, an' gin-rally misbehaved himsilf, an' no wan at home cared what he did. Be th' time they knew annything about it it was old news an' he was up to some other devilmint.

"But now how is it? Sure an Ambassadure is about as vallyable as a tillyphone op'rator. He has to make th' connections an' if he listens or cuts in he's fired. He's a messenger an' a slow wan fr'm wan Governmint to another. He goes up to a King with a scaled envelope an' hands it to him with th' remark: 'Sign here.' That night, maybe, a man raps at his dure an' says: 'Ar-re ye th' fellow that brought th' message this mornin'?' 'I am,' says th' Ambassadure, hitchin' on his soord. 'Then I've come to tell ye to pack ye'er thrunk an' go on th' eight fifty-five. Ye'er benighted Governmint has asked us to come outside if we dare, an' we've wired thim that we dare.'"

"I heerd Hogan say there was talk in th' English pa-apers iv goin' to war with us about Japan," said Mr. Hennessy. "I'd like to see it. D'ye think they will?"

"Th' English pa-apers," said Mr. Dooley, "like our own, ar-re conducted be renowned warryors. But, do ye think if there was on'y wan butcher shop in th' city I'd thry to wreck it?"

DEAR MADAM (or SIR),

May I send you some specimen copies of JOHN BULL *for distribution amongst any of your friends who are not at present readers?*

Yours respectfully,
THE PUBLISHER.

4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

"GINGER'S YOUNG MAN."

"I seed yer h'out las' night wiv a young man."

The little maid's eyes went timidly up to the girl Who Knew.

"Did yer!"

"It's yer fust, ain't it?"

"Yus; 'e's sich a nice young man!"

"They all is," said the girl Who Knew.

"'E's h'in one of them there big city orfices, so you kin tell 'e's somethink of a gent, and 'is 'air's that long and lovely!"

"Nice lookin'?"

"Nice lookin'! Why 'e's ben taken fer that Mr. Alexendra wot's one o' them there 'andsome actor chaps!"

"My!"

"And do you 'now wot 'e's give me? A lovely silk 'andkerchief; it ain't no use 'cept as a h'ornoment 'cause I don't blow me nose, but I shall keep it—for h'ever."

"My!"

"And d'yer know wot 'e called me?" (her little Cockney voice fell to a low bee murmur). "'E calls me 'is dawn, 'e do reely, 'cause o' me ginger 'air."

The girl Who Knew smiled.

"Tell yer wot I'm doin'! I'm a saving h'up fer ter buy 'im a muffler 'gainst the cold nights w'en 'e leaves 'is orfice, or d'yer think 'ed rather 'ave one o' them there silver rings wot's got ivy leaves on 'em?"

"If 'e's like that Mr. Alexendra 'e'd look well in a muffler I should think."

"A lovely red one wot's like them clouds of a wet day morning."

"Fine!"

"And, my, I fergot! He's going ter give me a 'at, one o' them there big uns wot ladies wears wiv a long h'ostrich feaver 'anging down be'ind."

"My!"

"And 'e's going ter take me fer a dye to Soufend. That's sich a lovely plaice wiv a resolving tower and all, and you kin stay h'on the pier fer tupence till it gives yer the fair sick!"

"My! And is 'e going ter marry yer?"

"Yis, by-in-by; 'e said so. Lor', there 'e is! So long!"

The little maid sprang sooner than the lark to her young man's side, and the girl Who Knew, seeing how he carried a week-end bag in his hand, went on her way smiling.

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"THE WELL-BELOVED."

By Vera Canute.

He knew, of course, that she had simply married him out of spite towards the other man—the other man, you know, who had gone off with "that odious girl."

She loved the other man, there wasn't a doubt about that; she certainly didn't care tuppence for Joe, there wasn't a doubt about that either.

Joe loved her madly from the coil of her hair to the toes of her butterfly feet.

Their days were usually spent apart—their nights always.

This morning she had said she would breakfast with him. Of course, she was late. Joe regarded the already cold devilled kidneys anxiously. Then his ears, quick hearing, caught the sound of approaching feet. He lifted his eyes, bits of African skies, from the kidneys to the doorway, rested them tenderly upon a tall, desirable young woman, with the night in her hair—black night.

"I thought you'd forgotten," he said.

She glanced at him indifferently.

"I did. The smell of that horrid fish reminded me."

She gathered her gown in her hands and sat down.

"Coffee or tea?"

"I don't mind."

"How delightful to be a man and not to mind! Coffee darkens my skin, I'm sure of it; tea gives me such indigestion that I might just as well be a schoolgirl eating suet puddings and jam. Coffee's cold."

"I don't mind."

She handed him a black steamless cup of tea.

"You—you will be out to-day, I suppose, Anemone?"

"Of course. Why?"

"I only wanted to think where you might be."

"Oh, think away, then. I lunch at Prince's with papa, tea with Mary, dinner——"

"Dinner?" he asked eagerly. "Do dine here!"

"What—you and I alone?"

"Why not? Oh, yes! I forgot; of course, it would bore you."

"Probably, but as we've never dined alone, I can't say. It would seem so very odd without guests, wouldn't it? Besides, I don't think it would be quite proper, do you?"

"Proper, Anemone!"

"Well, women don't dine alone with their husbands much, do they?"

"Not even on their honeymoon?"

"Surely our honeymoon time's over!"

"We've never had one, dear, have we?"

"Toast, please."

"What about dinner?"

"I needn't go out, I think, to-night; we might send round for the Robsons."

"Hang the Robsons! Let's have it alone."

"Oh, very well, but we'll never get through it without yawning."

"You won't—I shall."

She jumped to her feet.

"I'm off now to Bond Street. I haven't a hat to my head, and my feet want stockings."

"I'm sure you'd look sweeter without."

"What, the 'no hat' brigade!"

"No, the 'no stocking.'"

"Joe!"

"I'm sorry."

She fluttered from the room disdainfully.

Of course she was late for dinner; the soup was cold, but Joe waited, as ever, patiently, his square, big face buried in the *Pall Mall*.

Now he could hear her dress rustling, and he, his stern lips smiling, rose to meet her as she came.

"How lovely you look, Anemone!"

She wore a dove grey silk frock and her pearls.

"How odd! I took no trouble with my dress whatever."

His eyes dropped to her little seed pearl-embroiderd grey slippers.

Of course not; you're dining only with me—why should you?"

They sat at table.

"Already bored?"

"Not yet."

"A letter came when you were out—have you had it?"

"No, it wasn't in the hall."

"Judd thought you were in the drawing-room—only I was there. I told him to leave it on the table."

"Fetch it please, or tell Judd to."

Joe went from the room, returning presently with the letter.

"How delightful it is, Anemone, to have you all to myself for once!"

"It is?" said she, indifferently, tearing open the envelope.

"What will you do after dinner? Bridge or billiards?"

"Sleep," she yawned; then sprang up, staring, as she read the letter's contents.

"Bad news, sweetheart?"

"No, no—good, good."

"Tell me, won't you?"

She glanced at him.

"You don't really want to know?"

"Not so much if it is good; the bad I would want to share with you."

"Oh, you might as well know; it's only that Jack Ward's come back—that's all."

Her face was pale now, even wan.

"Come home from India?"

"Yes. His wife's dead—oh—oh, Joe!"

Joe's eyes dropped as he took his wife's hand.

"I understand, dear! I understand!"

"If—if——"

"Yes, yes, if you had waited."

"Now—now——"

"Now you have married me!"

She drew her hand from his.

"I—I——"

"Yes, you loved him. I made you marry me—wouldn't leave you alone." His hand sought hers again. "I understand all, dear, all."

"His letter's been forwarded by mother; he doesn't know I'm married. He's—he's calling there to-night, and will be sent on!"

"He'll come here to-night?"

"He will be sent on."

He rose with her from the table, bit his white lips.

"You'll see him, or won't you?" he asked.

"Of course, I'd like to, if—if——"

"If I don't mind? Oh, no, Anemone; you shall do what pleases you always. See him by all means, dear."

She left him, and he, with sorrow sitting in his eyes, leant over the little writing-table in the window.

"MY DEAR,—I want you to go to the man you love, to marry him in a little while. The blame, of course, is to be placed upon me. Forget the man you 'rather liked.' God bless you!—JOE."

He sealed the envelope, left it, addressed to Anemone, upon the mantelshelf, and went out.

So night came, a blue night, a night of unveiled stars, a night of courtship, a most perfect night, warm with sound.

In the early hours of a white-lipped dawn Joe returned to his house to pack such things as would be needed in the Eastern land to which he intended journeying.

He found the dining-room in darkness, switched on the light. The letter had gone.

He went to the blue drawing-room. The air was heavy with the smell of cigars and Anemone's white-rose perfume. He knocked at her door, entered, no one was within. So, she had gone!

He knelt by the little white bed, buried his face in his hands, sobbing.

"Be happy, dear!"

The room was as he had supposed it had always been, but for the absence of the loved one from the bed.

He touched each of her belongings reverently, her powder puff, her little gold pots and bottles upon the dressing-table, her thrown-off grey shoes, her grey stockings. Everything told of her, smelt of her, was of her.

"God!"

He walked unsteadily, even as a man heavy in drink, from her room and entered his own. Here he leaned against the mantelshelf, his head in his hands.

"Joe!"

Her voice would be with him always.

"Joe!"

He lifted his eyes. Was this then madness—working sorrow?

"Joe!"

He turned on the light.

A woman in a white night frock, a bow at her throat, sat within his bed, a desirable young woman with the night in her hair—black night.

He stared fearfully.

"Anemone!"

Her arms went out to him, as her eyes wet, not unlike Southern violets which have been drowned in rains, grew loveful.

"But——"

"Dear, I obeyed you. I've come to the man I love, forgotten the man I 'rather liked.'"

"Anemone!"

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We have received hundreds of letters from prominent and successful business men all over the country, all speaking in enthusiastic terms of the practical utility of the Business Encyclopædia. It follows that if this work is found useful to them, that it will be useful—nay, that is indispensable to *you*.

We strongly advise all ambitious men to send for a handsome little book which the publishers will send post free to those of our readers who apply for it. It contains much valuable Business information, and facsimiles of several useful Business documents. It also explains all about the "Business Encyclopædia," and how it is delivered complete for a first payment of three shillings, the remainder to be paid by a few small monthly payments.

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BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded Rumours:—

That the Church is complaining of Suffolkation.

.....

That the New Bailey is a "fine" place.

.....

That in consequence of the language it has evoked, Mr. Campbell's creed is to be called the "New D-ology."

.....

That it was very rude of the Brigg electors not to give their Guest a seat.

.....

That Lord Lansdowne, having become a grocer, will mend his weighs.

.....

That Sir A. Conan Doyle has been engaged to investigate the Park Lane burglary.

.....

That there is no cents in the Metric Weights and Measures Bill.

.....

That Mr. Stead will attend the proposed Godiva pageant at Coventry.

.....

That they call him Prince "Bellow" in Germany now.

.....

That the mats at the New Bailey bear the legend "Welcome."

A French deputy advocates a tax on all unmarried persons between the ages of twenty-five and fifty. An extension of the suffer-age for both sexes.

Everything is supplied upon the hire-system nowadays, even the rates.

Forty thousand horses were eaten in Paris last year. Jacques seems to be fond of putting the horse in the carte.

Eton boys say the new punishment of lines written with the left hand is not right.

Answer to Inquirer: "Official Scratchings" has nothing to do with the Civil Service.

Sir Alfred Jones will take another party of visitors to Jamaica this year. An earthquake will be arranged if possible.

If the new Council brings about a low rate, Londoners will not be irate.

Ghent is to have a corps of lady bobbies. The charge of "resisting the police" is expected to become obsolete.

There was once a sour Suffragette,
Who swore that a vote she would get.
So she ranted until,
She made herself ill,
And her friends had to call in a vet.

Out of a population of nearly five hundred, no death has occurred for more than a year in the village of Clayhidon, Devon. Evidently a doctor is needed.

"The toilette of woman never comes within the understanding of man," says *Vanity Fair*. Of course, he never gets beyond the outskirts of the subject.

A young German waiter was discharged from service for frightening the cook. He was awarded a week's wages. He ought not to be unemployed long; there are thousands of ladies who would like to know his terms.

We should hesitate to call the Rev. C. H. Grundy a fibber, but his story of how recently he allowed a man to read the lessons in his church, and an old lady put up her umbrella because the Flood was described so vividly, suggests that he ought to be engaged at once by the *Daily Lyre*.

As Edna May is about to be married, she has decided to give up acting. It is usually the other way.

From an examination paper: "England has much coal beds. When the coal is finished we shall have to use our brains for fuel, and it will be scarce."

Advertisement in Bath paper: "Lady, competent in incubation, will hatch valuable eggs at 3s. dozen." This Beauty of Bath clearly ought to have been "selected" for the egg-shell episode instead of Gertie Millar.

Another advertisement: "Wanted, a good flat servant." Personally, we prefer them plump and chubby; but there may be a saving in rations.

On taking his seat at Southwark, Judge Willis looked round at the scanty audience, saying, "Only twelve disciples to-day!" Now, who did he suppose he was?

The "Queen of Spades" at the Alhambra is a ballet success. Men, no doubt, will flock to see it from their "clubs," and if they are after any of the pretty "hearts," "diamonds" will follow as a matter of course.

Every newspaper is emulating Mr. Haldane. They are creating columns galore, and advertising for generals daily.

In the South of London two rival butchers display the following announcements:—

Notice.
My fine pork sausages, 6d. per lb. To pay more is to be robbed.

Notice.
My grand pork sausages are 8d. per lb. To pay less is to be poisoned.

Developments are awaited with interest.

Miss Edna May has gone "one better" than Miss Clifford. The latter only secured a peer, but Edna has managed to Copper King.

Mr. Carlyon Bellairs is in hot water with some of his constituents. He is taking an independent attitude, like Mr. Richard Bell; in fact, you might say he is giving himself Bellairs.

A man was charged at Thames Court with drunkenness. It appeared he took a baby into a pawnbroker's, and offered to pawn it for two shillings. Evidently it was not a pledge of affection.

We are not admirers of the Aliens' Act, but if its provisions could be applied to Herr Schlesinger von Sinclair, late of Romford, it might save the laying out of a new cemetery. His motor, to say the least, is very erratic. Why not change its name?

The four most enlightened men in Parliament are Messrs. Galloway Weir, Lonsdale, Ginnell, and Sloan. During last Session 1,076 questions were asked between them, and what they must know now is simply wonderful.

Baron Northcliffe's "Self-Instructor" should be pushed in the neighbourhood of Hull. A member of a parish council proposed that the clerk should purchase a "quorum," as meetings often had to be abandoned because there was not one ready.

An American paper has the following as a headline: "W. W. Astor Has No Intention of Marrying an English Peeress." He wants variety, and we may expect to hear of a China-Astor alliance.

Some of the minor clergymen, curates, etc.—passing rich on £40 a year—are beginning to jib at the distribution of patronage and fat livings. We expect to see another strike? Then, of course, the bishops with their gaiters will be called "blacklegs."

At the Old Bailey a man objected to serving on the jury because he dislikes capital punishment. Of course, he objected to the jury being first drawn and then quartered in the box.

"The New Theology" agitation makes many excited people lament the good old days when you could get a chop at Tower Hill or a stake and faggots at Smithfield. The times are out of joint.

An Ulster man who went to bed in 1877 did not leave it until a few days ago, though quite healthy. He was born tired and has lived tired, and in due course he will be dead tired.

The *Illustrated Mail* has promised the story of the life of Mrs. Harry Thaw—in pictures. It should go with a swing.

A Seaford brewery has been destroyed by fire. Hundreds of thirsty people who watched the flames considered it a burning shame.

The Thaw defence appears to be that any number of "blacks" make a White.

A sword-swallower at Leicester, sentenced for theft, said he had swallowed half-a-brick, which stuck in his inside, and prevented him from performing. Naturally, he was stony.

A writer in the *Wide World Magazine* complains that knife-grinding, as an industry, is neglected in this country. But axe-grinding flourishes.

A Dewsbury man is coming to London to challenge all comers in a feeding contest. It is not stated what the steaks are, however.

One of the pupils at a Bradford school has been required to write an essay on the Thaw Trial. A big trial for a boy.

Apropos, Jerome to Dr. Evans: "You believe, then, that Thaw was insane at the time of his marriage?" "Yes. He was not mentally sound at the time. There was a temporary aberration." We must see our own doctor at once.

Questioning another doctor, one Bingaman, Jerome wanted to know whether he noticed in Thaw any "exaggerated ego." We certainly begin to notice it in Jerome.

Leeds schoolgirls have been forbidden to plait their hair. They are now going about saying "Hang it all!"

A daily paper reports that the medical officer of Lambeth has captured some spotted fever microbes, and has "placed them in an oven in his laboratory for scientific study." He means to make it hot for them.

Lord Curzon is looking for a seat. He will have to stand first.

The Russian Duma is again opened. This is on the distinct understanding that it will shut up.

A released suffragette said she had to dance in her cell to keep her spirits up. If she had owned some whisky, one wonders whether she would have let them go down?

A man at Bristol committed suicide, and his body was found to be painted green. Yet he had the "blues."

"Man wanted, to milk and work team of horses." We suppose it will be sterilised milk.

Mr. Clauson, A.R.A., says, "Man's mind is a storehouse of things that please him." So is his stomach.

A woman at Putney committed suicide by taking poison "after spending an evening at a place of entertainment." That strike was responsible for a lot.

A clergyman, speaking at Redruth, said he never heard a man singing "I want to be an angel" without putting his hand in his pocket to see if his purse was safe. But, supposing the man is not a vocalist—then, we suppose, he preys.

Mr. W. H. Dawe, Box 4,851, Johannesburg, according to the *Mining Manual*, is a director of 58 companies and chairman of 17 of them. We must look up his "recreations" in "Who's Who."

Colonel Graves having been sued for £59 money lent, proof of means was that "he is the late Commander-in-Chief to Jacques, Emperor of the Sahara." May the money-lender get his deserts.

Mr. Corbett, M.P., says he is willing to pay for a ticket for Sir Antony McDonnell from Ireland to India or anywhere else. Why "anywhere else?"

Much indignation is being expressed in Mr. Rowland Hunt's constituency at his punishment for "saying what he thought." But, hang it all! if M.P.'s get doing that, what will be the result?

Prince "Ranji" is now officially the Jam of Nawanagar, and entitled to a 15-gun salute. We hope nobody will put the powder into the Jam.

It appears that judges, when on circuit, are provided with free lodgings by the different counties. In return for this hospitality the judges frequently provide free lodgings for other people, which is only fair.

We hope it is not true that Thompson, "the 29 years-in-bed" man, has been offered a music-hall engagement. The repetition of his marvellous performance would be rather too much.

It is nearly certain that you will be legally entitled to marry your deceased wife's sister before the end of the year. Engagements may now be booked.

Speaking of jerry-built houses, Mr. Hart said at Manchester he had lived in houses where he could hear the man next door kissing his wife. How did he know whom it was?

A young logician was asked why Moses did not enter the Promised Land. His reply was as true as it was concise—"Because he was dead."

You can get the *Daily Mail* and *Evening News* for a week for sixpence, and yet the Harmsworth people are starting a series of sixpenny works of fiction.

A West Ham tradesman circularises as follows:—"——— hopes, by strict attention to business, combined with *servility*, to merit a share of your patronage."

The Effect of Electricity on Disease.

NO LONGER A MATTER OF DOUBT.

Every day brings fresh proof of the value of electricity as a remedy for human ills. Cases which only a few years ago were considered incurable are now treated with the utmost success. Patients who have been trying medicines until they made a drug shop of their stomachs suddenly realise that the old system is wrong. They have been dosing their poor stomachs with poisonous materials until the entire organic system has rebelled against it. It is suicidal to continue such a practice. Electricity is the remedy which should be used in all cases. It is perfectly harmless, and yet so many thousands owe their recovery to it.

All forms of weakness are cured by it. Nervousness, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Locomotor Ataxy, and Epilepsy yield to it in a surprising manner. It has no equal as a cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, and Backache. Its success in Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhœa, Liver, and Kidney troubles is brilliant.

The battery that is used has received the very highest endorsements. It is the only battery that has ever been given the *Science Siftings* Certificate of Merit. The well-known scientist, W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq., after an exhaustive test, writes: "The results have been eminently satisfactory throughout, and, indeed, greatly beyond my initial expectations."

A treatise on the subject has just been published that is well worth two guineas to any health-seeker. It is entitled "Electricity—The Road to Health." The subject is exhaustively treated in this 80-page pamphlet, a free copy of which will be sent to any reader of *John Bull*. Simply drop a postcard or a note to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. If a free demonstration and test is desired, call at the office.—[ADVT.]

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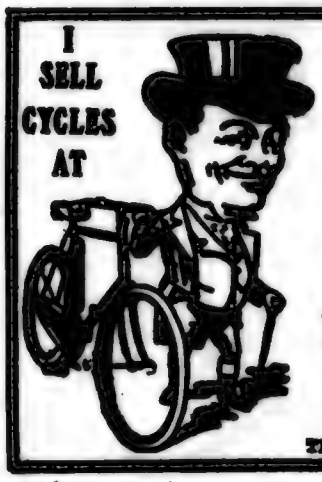

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MACCLESFIELD.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL *replies to some of his numerous correspondents.*]

M. B. L. (Norwood) sends us up a letter from the *Gentleman's Journal*. It is headed "Proprietor: Felix A. Newbery. Edited by Thos. M. Hawkins and Felix A. Newbery." Although the editorship has apparently changed, the methods appear to be identical with those we have already exposed. The alleged journal is a fraud of the most impudent kind.

F. S. W. (Hull) encloses two advertisements from the *Sunday Chronicle*, Manchester, which, as he truly says, "does find 'em." They are both obvious swindles, the first being the offer of the "Goldsmiths' Manufacturing Company," 39, Milton House Surrey Street, London, W.C., to divide £225 among people reading a proverb picture "puzzle" which would not puzzle a child of four years of age; and the other, an advertisement of the Nutriola Company, Limited, 9-15, Oxford Street, London. This concern is now trying to get shareholders, and as an inducement puts in large type a statement that in a previous similar concern "every 4s. earned £44"! This result is said to have been achieved by the man at present acting as General Adviser to the Nutriola people; but the advertisement withholds the fact that the President of the Company is a bankrupt, and that a "fraud order" has been made against it in America. F. S. W. asks, "What is 'Nutriola,' anyway?" It is a concern for vending, from door to door, by extravagantly-worded circulars, and by male and female canvassers, all kinds of Yankee quack nostrums, many of them of a highly indecent character.

A. E. W. (High Barnet) wishes to sound a note of warning to those of our readers purchasing garden seeds. He says that when the blooming season arrives many of the wonderful bargains he has got have turned out to be but common varieties. Of course, the remedy is to pay a fair price and deal only with reputable firms. We wonder if A. E. W. has ever had the hard roe of bloaters palmed off on him and raised a crop of fish?

W. W. (Tottenham) says that on the 18th December he sent 1s., on behalf of his wife, to John Thridgould, Commercial Street, E., for an advertised packet of Christmas cards, which he has never received. A week or so ago he received one of the Brahmo "Esteemed Friend" circulars, with his wife's name attached, cut from the application to Thridgould. He has now written the Brahmo Watch swindlers, inquiring whether they have the 1s. which accompanied the signature. We wonder.

E. A. G. (Stamford Hill) sends us a batch of circulars received from the M. A. Winter Company, Washington, U.S.A. This quack concern is touting for agents in this country to sell their universal cure. We strongly advise our readers to have nothing to do with it. We see that the firm send testimonials as to their good financial standing. It ought to be good, seeing the terms on which they do business.

W. S. (Blairhill).—We advise you to patronise one of the leading firms, such as Humbers, Rudge-Whitworth, Premier, Swift, or Raleigh. They all make a cheap model, preferable to the productions of the second-rate firm you mention.

E. J. D. (Coventry) writes in defence of Graves, of Sheffield, in whose employ he recently was as outside manager. He says that, although 7,000 summonses were issued by that firm in one year against customers, "every allowance was made for sickness, loss of employment, etc." Does the "etc." include such a case as that of a man who found, after Graves' persuasive-tongued canvasser had left, that he could not possibly afford to pay the, to him, large instalments for an expensive article he did not want, and had been talked into ordering?

C. G. (Newmarket) also speaks up for Graves. He says our Southgate correspondent should have paid the 5s. to the firm direct. Anyhow, nothing "C. G." says causes us to alter our strong view of the methods of Graves. Our advice is: Avoid Graves, either in Sheffield or anywhere else.

R. P. (Hove).—For the figures you want contradicting the Tariff Reformers' statement as to the comparative absence of unemployment in protective countries, and answering Mr. Courthope in reference to stripped tobacco, you should apply to the Liberal Publication Department, Parliament Street, S.W. We have no space in which to deal with political dead-meat.

"BANK" (South Kensington).—We believe that for employment in most banks the nomination of a director is necessary, and then the applicant has to undergo a fairly easy examination, the London banks generally holding theirs at the City of London College, Moorfields, the secretary of which institution would probably be able to give you particulars. We are afraid, however, that as you are 24 you are too old to enter.

A. C. E. (Windsor).—A little while ago we made full inquiries into the methods of Hopgoods, Limited, of Temple Bar House, Fleet Street, E.C., and were satisfied that the business was conducted in an honest and efficient manner.

MR. H. H. ELVIN, General Secretary of the National Union of Clerks, Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell, writes that he will be pleased to send J. F. M. C. (Swansea), or any other of our readers interested, particulars of his Union.

D. M. (Sherwood Rise) points out that the address of the Scottish Clerks' Association is 81, St. George's Place, Glasgow.

"UNCONVINCED" (Eltham) is troubled by the fact that whereas Great Britain has increased her trade by 10 per cent., Germany and the United States have respectively secured 10½ per cent. and 11 per cent. increases. Quite apart from the fact that exports and imports give no true criterion of a country's trade, does "Unconvinced" really think that an old country like England is likely to keep pace in percentages of increase with its younger rivals? Suppose "Unconvinced" had been established for fifty years in a large business, employing 1,000 hands, and that suddenly a competitor opened next door to him, employing only two assistants. Suppose, further, at the end of twelve months, 'Unconvinced" had increased his business sufficiently to justify the employment of one hundred more hands—that would be an increase of ten per cent. But suppose the newcomer had taken on one extra hand; that would be an increase of 50 per cent. Would "Unconvinced" thereupon get "the funks," and sell off his stock?

R. C. P. (Huddersfield) referring to our paragraph about the Bishop of Wakefield taking a brief Continental holiday until April next, tells us that his lordship has been worn out by his anxieties and attentions at the bedside of his late wife, in addition to the worries of a thickly populated working-class diocese. We are sorry to hear of the Bishop's domestic troubles—but what about those of his flock? It appears, however, that the *Daily Telegraph* was wrong in saying that the Bishop would not be back until the second week in April, and that, in fact, he has now returned to his duties.

J. E. B. saw an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*: "Man wanted as office attendant for insurance brokers." Having answered it, he received a reply from the "Empire Mercantile Agency," 158, Fenchurch Street, informing him that they could assist him to obtain the situation on his agreeing to pay 30s. out of his first week's salary, but that they would require a deposit of 5s. whilst they were negotiating for him, which deposit they promise to return if he is not suited within a month. It is quite obvious that the advertisement was a bogus one.

J. T. B. (Brighton).—Thanks for information about herbal cigarettes.

"ANTI-HUMBUG" (Shoreham) likes our reference to the Duke of Connaught's tour——and we like "Anti-Humbug."

"CONSTANT READER" (Swansea).—Have nothing to do with Smallman's Football Competitions.

"GRIFF" (Kentish Town) received from a lady acquaintance a copy of Bishop Tonner's prayer, and returned the compliment by sending nine copies of *Witty-Cur's Almanack*, suggesting distribution of same. He waited for the ninth day, and then received a letter requesting him to become a regular contributor to the local Church magazine; "Griff," however, has one real trouble on his mind. He answered the advertisement of A. Brown and Co., tobacconists, Ludgate Circus, who offer eight South American smokes for 1s. 6d., but when he opened the bundle it contained only six. He complained, but was assured that most customers preferred six, as they were larger. "Griff" had better give up smoking and buy some extra JOHN BULLS.

A. L. C. (Newcastle).—You are wrong in thinking we are apologising for anything we have said in reference to the Salvation Army. We adhere to every word of it.

G. R. (Brighton).—We are afraid we cannot help you. Avoid all slate clubs in future. Your money-box will do just as well.

S. T. R.—who is band-master of the 3rd V.B. South-West Borderers—takes serious exception to the manner in which the recent Reed Band Competition at the Crystal Palace was conducted. The matter is somewhat technical, but from the correspondence he has submitted to us, it would appear that some explanation is called for. Perhaps Mr. W. D. Cooper will explain.

E. E. R. (New Barnet).—You must surely admire his enterprise. We note his explanation, which seems corroborated by the fact that to specially manufacture dies on the off-chance of a small order for stamping, would be ruinous to a tradesman. At any rate, "the die is cast."

W. C. (New Barnet), speaking of *Witty-Cur's Almanack*, says: "Having read your rotten production, I have sent it to Colney Hatch Asylum." He could not do better; it will soon bring the inmates to their senses.

"ASSISTANT CLERK" (Highbury) calls our attention to the omission from the terms of reference to the Committee now sitting to inquire into Post Office servants' grievances, of a very much underpaid class, namely, the assistant clerks, new class. It appears that to obtain even this appointment two competitive examinations have to be passed, that "the salary begins at £55 per annum, rising by annual increments of £5 to £100, where there is an efficiency bar which, if passed, entitles the happy man to proceed by £5 increments up to £150." It therefore takes five years to earn 30s. per week, which it is pointed out are the wages of dustmen under the Westminster and other Borough Councils. We are told that Mr. Reginald McKenna, whilst Financial Secretary to the Treasury, endeavoured to justify this state of things. Perhaps, now that he has gone to the Education Office, a more sympathetic Minister will be secured. We will certainly do our best for the deserving class in question.

G. E. (Copenhagen) begs "to ask you for that you could do use of a young foreigner as is able to kept danish and German Correspondence." We are sorry to say we cannot.

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Ceylon Wool.

Sale price 3 for 20/-, *post free.*

Sample 6/11, *post.* 3d.

Heavy Pure Wool.

Sale price 3 for 36/-, *post free*

Sample 12/6 *post.* 3d.

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"X" (Kent) tells us that upon the occasion of a recent visit of the wife of the Vicar of Heybridge to a local school, someone was heard to make an uncomplimentary reference to the lady's hat, and that on the following day all the children were marched to the Vicarage, and each one sent in separately to beg the lady's pardon. They had to kow-tow, in fact, although this particular mandarin had only one "little wife"—which does not appear to conform either to song or sense.

V. J. Mc. I. (Burton-on-Trent), who possesses a typewriter, says, "Are there no genuine offers of home work?" He would be willing to address envelopes, but the firms contracting for such work generally pay very poorly, and there is usually no time for it to be sent out. V. J. McI's. best course would be to endeavour to get in touch with authors requiring MSS. typewritten, and he might also call on local firms of solicitors and offer his services for copying documents.

B. H. D. (Sheffield) writes that, as he had great difficulty in learning the Pitmanic contractions, he took up the Gregg system (run by the Gregg Publishing Company, Stratford-on-Avon), and "thinks it superior to Pitman's in every way." He is now, evidently, as merry as a grig. We have never before heard of the system, and should be very surprised to learn that it was—at any rate in the form, apparently without contractions, learned by B. H. D.—capable of being used for verbatim reporting.

J. R. (Manchester).—We have repeatedly warned our readers to have nothing to do with Harvey Taylor and Co., of 61, City Road, E.C., or their "Medico Electric Antiseptic Mouth Lamp." It is really a pocket lamp.

"A NEW READER" (Bromley), and A. D. R. (London, S.W.).—The advice given in the preceding paragraph also applies to the Mint Publishing Company, Limited, and its concerns. It is peppermint—very hot.

W. R. B. (East Ham) gives many other instances of a saving effected in railway fares by breaking the journey and re-booking. From 9d. to 1s. 3d. (according to where the journey is broken) can thus be saved between London and Southend. He says the return fare to Tilbury is 1s. 6d., while that to Purfleet (several miles nearer London) is 1s. 10d. He adds, "of course you can go for less" by breaking the journey. Another anomaly is that "from Woodgrange Park to Forest Gate is barely a mile, but the single 3rd class fare is 2d., and for 1st class single fare they have the nerve to charge 8d." W. R. B. thinks this is the tit-bit: "Woodgrange Park to Shoeburyness, 1st class single, 3s. 3d., return, 6s. 8d"! W. R. B. must have made a great study of the interesting little peculiarities of this line—or perhaps that dear school, experience, has taught him.

A. F. U. (Holloway).—You have misread the advertisement, as it states that the diaries are given "to clients."

J. L. L. (Hampstead).—Sandringham was acquired for the Prince of Wales in 1862. It cost £220,000. The vendor was the Hon. C. S. Cowper. Lord Palmerston belonged to the Temple family, and from there being later a politician named Cowper-Temple, we should not be surprised to hear that "Pam" was related to the vendor of Sandringham. At the time of the purchase he was First Lord of the Treasury, but we have never heard a suggestion of corruptness against him in connection with the transaction.

"A READER" (Kentish Town).—Thanks for letter. We have used the material for a biscuit.

"WELSH GROCER" wants us to promote a system of insurance under which a man could take out a policy securing an annuity to his widow for her "natural," or until she marries again. We are afraid, however, our hands are too full just at present to permit of our starting in the insurance line. We understand that existing offices are prepared to entertain such business, but their terms would probably be too high for "Welsh Grocer." Taffy was always a careful man.

R. W. B. (Rochester) asks our opinion of the Pelman system of memory training. He will find a whole page advertisement of it in our issue of February 16th, and if that does not convince him nothing we could add would do so.

"DUNGANNOY" forwards us an advertisement from the *Belfast News Letter* which throws a side-light upon the education controversy. It is for "a male teacher" for a National school, with an average attendance of 45. The salary offered is £10 per annum, with free house, but the teacher "must train choir and play organ in church." The advertisement does not add whether there is a clay soil, so that the lucky man could fill up his spare time in brick-making.

"BARGEE" (Chelmsford) twits us with being bad prophets in regard to the leadership of the Labour party, and he concludes with "love and kisses." We do not like such endearing terms from one of our own sex, especially from a bargee, but the craft is famous for its language.

J. C. B. (Bishop's Stortford) tells us an extraordinary story about Mr. Whiteley's funeral. He says the whole of the employees were compelled to follow the body, many of them having to provide special clothes for the occasion, and that *their salaries were stopped for the day!* We cannot believe the story is true.

THE MANY READERS who have written to us in reference to the *Football Chat* competitions, conducted by Mr. Chas. Windust, will be glad to hear that that gentleman is now actively engaged in forming a large and representative committee to inquire into the whole of the matters in dispute, and every dissatisfied competitor will have an opportunity of laying his case before that committee. We hope to be able to give further particulars next week.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

Less Faddism then.
Yearling trials were very general 25 years back.

Would Take Here.
In the Colonies they have flat races confined to steeplechasers.

Owners Note.
West Goodwin, whose abilities as a trainer need no eulogy, begins this season as a public trainer.

Fresh Data.
All sorts of horses have won the National, but it would indeed be a new record for Rassendyl, a one-eyed animal, to get round at Liverpool.

Aunt May's National Jock.
Fred Freemantle is now a very much married man. He always carries "overweight" when walking, owing to that "miniature" box of matches.

Run to Weight.
It is hardly credible that J. F. Butchers, at the moment the fashionable cross-country jockey, was a 6st lightweight years ago. He now "walks" 10st 2lb.

The New Favourite.
As Fra Diavolo is impetuous he does most of his home work entirely alone, so as not to be upset. Thus he hardly promises to be a nice "kid's" ride, although Hallick fancies him.

Keen on Jumping.
Hon. A. Hastings is practically the only titled amateur horseman now riding. He does not care in the least for flat-racing, and only lives at Wroughton during the steeplechase season.

Is it True?
What are badly wanted (except by the professionals) are more gentlemen jockeys. The few now riding, being usually isolated in each race, feel that they stand alone and have all the others against them.

Inexplicable.
How can it possibly be worth registering an assumed name—and paying a "pony" for it—to run one horse about twice a year, as some owners do, especially as everybody knows who you are?

They "Twist" Anyone.
Owners and trainers are invariably largely circularised by swindling betting offices, and not a few have been "had." This is truly going into the lion's den, but it is marvellous how many are induced to open an account and "let in."

Query?
Who is supposed to be the most unpopular jockey when going before any of the stewards upon an objection? The "wheeze" is to back anything that he is on to be disqualified, or anything that appeals against him to get the race.

Why?
Owners of horses complain that Irish animals like Cinders start winning under 10st. 7lb. and are allowed by handicappers to continue doing so until they gradually get to 13st., but that their own horses go up 21lb. for being placed, with only a lot of non-triers behind them.

Shades of Roddy Owen.
Where are our soldier riders of but a few years ago? Those who figure in last year's winning jockeys' list mainly claim a solitary success or two, and apart from not winning the National, no soldier has even ridden in it for nine years.

Mum's the Word.
At little meetings of the moment owners and trainers dare not open their mouths or it would mean the ruination of a horse's price—for a "pony" absolutely sets the market.

Wanted, a "Handicapper."
I can now buy for South Africa a useful three or four-year-old handicap horse (colt or filly, latter preferred), must pass the vet., and be a reasonable price. What offers, at about £500—£600?

Perhaps the Moderates will.
All our protective laws, present or prospective, are for our morals and not for our pockets. If the authorities would allow us to look after ourselves more, and prosecute the swindling element associated with betting, it would be all the better morally, and in equity as well as law.

Practice does It.
Mr. Calverley Bewicke has quite taken the place of the late Hon. Reggie Ward in being the Triton among the minnows at Grand Military Meetings. Some of the other occasional jockeys are only too glad to be second to him in the "sellings" for the sake of the surplus.

The "Surrey Boys."
A big complimentary concert is being given on Friday at the Horns, Kennington, to F. Boyington, for 25 years official scorer to the Surrey C.C.C. The compliment has been paid me to ask me to take the chair, supported by the players of the Surrey team, and although Lord Dalmeny, the Surrey captain, cannot, as hoped, be present during the evening, he has sent me a generous donation to the good cause.

Experience Teaches.
The fiasco creative of an objection over last year's Grand Military Gold Cup was not lost upon the Sandown executive. The ground of protest then was that a certain contingency—although known and admitted—did not leave Royal Blaze the absolute *unconditional* property of the nominator, for he was bought with a contingency which rested upon success. This year all the events were conditioned as being for horses "unconditionally and *free from contingency*" the property of officers, etc., etc.

A Foreigner.
Barabas II. was bred in Buenos Ayres. His owner, Mr. S. J. Unzue, is an enormously wealthy Argentine, who recently gave 30,000 guineas for the French stallion Val D'Or.

They Don't Mean it.
There must be a certain amount of hollowness and mockery in bookmakers wishing backers the season's compliments—for a Happy New Year means a successful one—ergo, their own defeat.

Many Stroll Up.
One of the pleasures of Windsor is the walk up, distributing the saved cab fare among the numerous kiddies in coppers. It may not be policy to encourage them in begging, but to anyone with half a heart their joy at getting a penny is shared by the giver.

Should Publish Prices.
The usefulness and advantages for race executives to advertise the price of admission into their rings and paddock is obvious. These rates vary, and I am sure that the doubt as to what it will cost deters many from going to meetings which they otherwise would do.

Winning (?) Owners.
Turf statistics are always very interesting to those who know the men and horses and can study every line. We hear a deal regarding the huge sums in stakes gained by abnormally successful owners, but it would be equally interesting to know what the cost had been and how many expend a very great deal to win very, very little.

A Deserving Case.
I am sorry to say that Stephen Lillywhite, who has been a weighing-room valet for 30 years, is in ill-health (paralysed) and very low water. In turn, in their riding days, he valetted Hon. Geo. Lambton, Mr. Arthur Coventry, Mr. Hugh Owen, the late Lord Molyneux, the late Mr. "Abington," W. Dollery, W. Sensier, Mr. D. Thirwell, W. Halsey, R. and S. J. Woodland. Those I have chanced to meet during the last few days have given me something for their old servant, and I should be glad if others would send me a few sovereigns to help the poor fellow in his distress.

Military Racing.
Having had their appetites whetted by an inordinately good Grand Military meeting, our soldier sportsmen and their entourage will now look keenly forward to the many little hunt meetings pending at both Aldershot and Hawthorn Hill. Furthermore, the Grand Military Point-to-Point Steeplechases will this year take place in the Heythrop country, near Chipping Norton, on Wednesday, April 3, for which the entries close to Colonel Toogood at Winchester, on the 16th inst. Despite the invariable success of these soldier functions, there is, of course, only one Grand

Military meeting—that of last week-end, at Sandown, where the soldiers have pitched their tents now for a good many years after a roving charter. The extraordinary thing about this abnormally prosperous gathering—which is more social than racing—is that no profit is sought. Such as has accrued has been devoted to sporting-cum-military projects, but recent arrangements have been that the Sandown executive risk and take the "gate," giving the soldiers' executive £750 per day to hold the meeting there. These sums go to make up the valuable stakes added, plus, of course, any sale surpluses, together with a big subscription list, which generally totals, I believe, some £1,500. There is a separate body of stewards for the Grand Military race days, the whole being really in the manipulation of Col. S. H. Toogood, to whom Portsmouth Park, Aldershot, and, in anticipation, I can say the Isle of Wight, owe so much. On these dates any officer is made a member for the day for 10s. on the production of his card or signature in a book. Thus even on Eclipse Stakes day the Sandown lawn is never so much over-run. But I should not like to say that everyone present on Friday and Saturday last was justifiably entitled to admission. When it is well known that a membership pass can be obtained for half the price of ordinary Tattersall's entrance, it is very easy to imagine that the privilege can be abused, for there can be no possible check upon the accuracy of those presenting cards or asking for day badges. As at Ascot, the great majority there come merely because it is the Grand Military meeting. They care very little for racing, or know when it is progressing, being desirous of seeing others and being seen themselves, or to chat with their friends. In the paddock between races it is absolutely impossible to find horses because of the crush.

Soldier Riders.

The races themselves are perhaps not quite what they used to be ten years back, for our present-day officers do not seem to have the money, while they certainly lack the official permit and opportunities to go racing as of yore. Thus the nominations this year were weaker and of poorer class, the Gold Cup alone being saved from extreme mediocrity by the express saving of a good horse like Old Fairyhouse, who would, if himself, naturally beat such every-day performers as Bonar and Alert III. Yet it is questionable if such policy be really justifiable even if any one man's means permit him to so outstrip his rivals by purchase. We have not now the soldier jockeys as of old, for a generation back all the leading gentlemen riders were officers and well able to hold their own even against the best professionals. How one man with the least bit of extra practice can swamp everything, Mr. Calverley Bewicke's three successes on Friday confirmed. Six or seven years ago poor Reggie Ward did even better, winning seven or eight races in three days, and then in their day, earlier, Captain Roddy Owen, Captain Bewicke and others have similarly been the Triton among the minnows. It is 15 years since Captain Bewicke scored his one victory in the Grand Military Gold Cup, which is the blue riband of army racing. Last week his nephew, Mr. Calverley Bewicke, won it by reason of not alone being upon a vastly superior animal, but by extremely patient jockeyship, the feature of which was his sitting beautifully still.

The Gold Cup.

That the win was popular cannot be said, as, for reasons which need not be mentioned, but imagined, another string, Bonar, was also started. Either was amply good enough to win, and yet the market manipulations and the horribly contrasting rumours in circulation tended to create the bitterest of feeling, for those who were reasonably entitled to be upon whichever was actually the best of Mr. Bewicke's pair undoubtedly were not. I believe that this is almost the first time that his owner had seen Old Fairyhouse, while he and Bonar are trained at opposite ends of England. Yet the canards afloat and the various supposedly authentic statements since as to what was or what was not done relative to his owner's heavy bets on the race all tended to confuse and disparage things. There can be no doubt if matters could be rearranged, that even given a triflingly shorter price, Old Fairyhouse would represent Mr. Bewicke and win the Gold Cup, whilst Bonar, kept fresh for it, could not possibly have lost Saturday's Grand Military Handicap. The stable themselves were therefore probably losers in total monetarily by the occurrences, and the popularity of the turquoise-chocolate cap has been very materially minimised, for it is a tradition that the Grand Military Gold Cup should be a purely sporting event, and almost deemed heresy to object, as was necessary last year. Commercialism and betting ruses should certainly not be associated in any shape or form with one of the year's historic races in a grand national pastime affecting officers and gentlemen.

Prophetic.

The most important sport is at Warwick to-day (Thursday), when VASARI may prove the policy of reserving him so long for the N.H. Steeplechase. Recent form suggests that THE CLOWN II. and RATHVALE must win their races at the week-end. For the Lincoln Handicap

HIS EMINENCE

will take beating, and is worth coupling for the National with WOLF'S FOLLY.

We are reminded of the well-managed business of Mr. D. M. Gant, 25, Conduit Street, London, W., by the receipt of a handsome pocket book bound in scarlet leather, gilt-edged, and with neat contrivances and useful contents that go to make it a handy companion. Mr. Gant is an institution. He has survived the common vicissitudes of a trying business, and those who deal with him should have no cause for dissatisfaction. He has been established many years, and he himself is a well-known member of Tattersalls' Subscription Rooms, which is a testimonial that requires no further recommendation. Mr. Gant was the originator of the "No Limit" system, that is to say, he was the first turf accountant to pay his clients the full odds betted against a horse. Write for a copy of the diary. Free to all clients.

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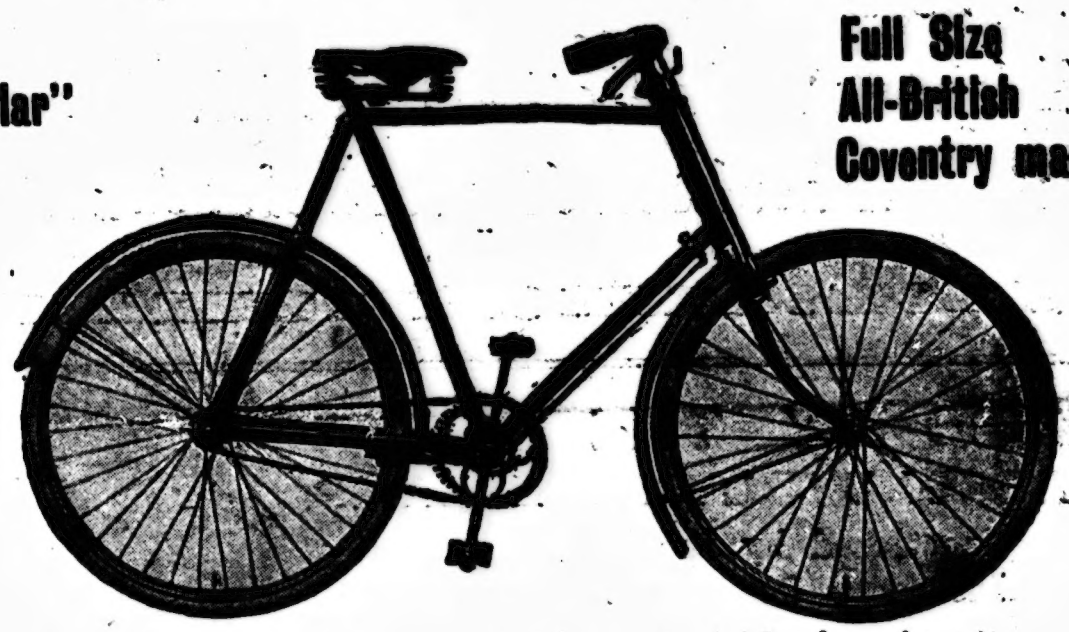

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